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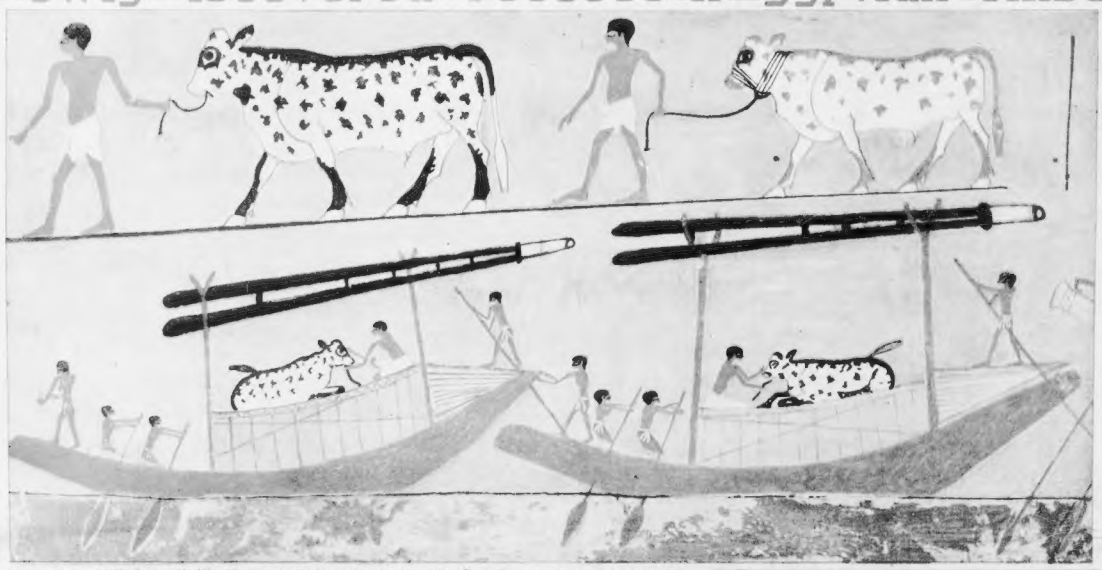
Newly Discovered Frescoes In Egyptian Tombs



An Early Fresco of Cattle Boats on the Nile. Men Calm the Frightened Animals as the Sailors Try to Prevent a Collision of the Boats. This Tomb Drawing, More Than 4,000 Years Old, Shows How Food Was Brought to Town by Land and Water.

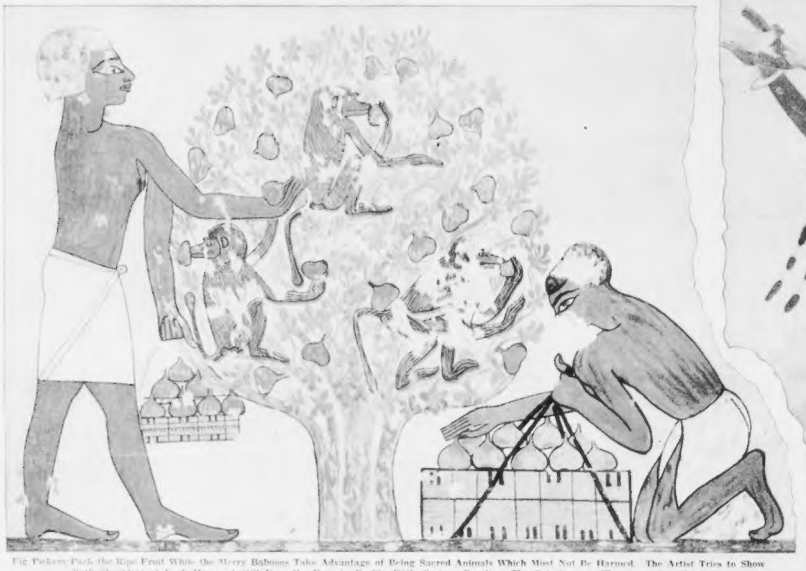


Fig Pickers Pack the Ripe Fruit While the Merry Baboons Take Advantage of Being Sacred Animals Which Must Not Be Harmed. The Artist Tries to Show Both Shoulders of Each Man and Still Keep the Face in Profile, With Curious Results. The Paintings on This Page Are From Reproductions of the Frescoes by Nina M. Davies.

An Intimate Glimpse of Some Hot "Rhumba" Dancing by a Bejeweled Nubian Male Slave Thousands of Years Ago. This Was Made in the Golden Era of Ancient Egypt, When the Style of Painting Gained Much More Freedom.

THESE almost unmanaged frescoes, recently discovered in ancient Egypt, vividly show the advance of the art for each is from a different period. A stately, still and self-conscious style gave way to a technique so casual that it seems modern today, more than 3,000 years later.

At the top are the sacrificial cattle boats, like modern scows, carrying meat on the food to the tombs. Although the pictures seem formal, much is really going on. Fearing a collision, the man in the second craft has put down his pole and is pushing away the other boat with his hands. Men put the frightened beasts when the boats roll. The cattle ought to be scared. The shipowners, real enthusiasts, but are shown in love as the Egyptians always drew on the lid of a box what was inside. This very old mural is from Giza, in the tomb of Kaemhekih, of the Sixth Dynasty, or about 2420 to 2270 B. C.

There is more harmony in the second picture, made later during the 12th Dynasty, or about 1970 to 1900 B. C. It shows fig-pickers from the magnificent but beautiful memorial of a great feudal prince named Khnumhotpe, who had many orchards and vineyards at Beni Hasan. The artist ran into difficulties trying to show both shoulders and yet keep the face in profile—the last being a fixed rule in Egyptian art. Only later, in the decadent period, was a full face ever drawn, and only then by portray the body, or foreshorten. The silver-colored, pointed-faced baboons in the tree are allowed to eat the figs, because these creatures were sacred. The artist managed to show even their characteristic posterior red spots.

The rhumba as practiced in ancient Egypt and pictured in the right-hand scene is almost modernist in interpretation. It was found in Thebes on the wall of Haremhab's tomb, built in the 18th Dynasty. The striking Nubian male dancer, 3,500 years old, wears animals' tails at the elbows as well as other decorative jewelry. His diaphanous skirt is interesting; up to then, Egyptians could not paint transparent garments. The queer fur-like objects on his hands and head, however, are idols caused by time's ravages. From the way he shakes his hips he clearly knows how to "swing that thing." The lively eyes, turned-up nose, and generally gay expression show how much progress Egyptian art had made in throwing off formality.

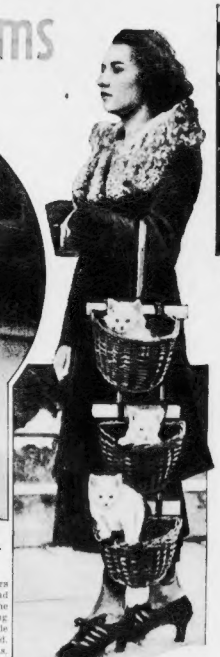
These remarkable paintings, carefully reproduced with hundreds of others during a lifetime of research among the tombs by Nina M. Davies, have now for the first time been published by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, and the expense is borne by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Odd Occupations Of England's Hard Times Victims

At Ramsgate, Pedestrians and Residents Are Familiar With the Sight of the Pretty Girl Who Constitutes a Walking Library. She Goes From Door to Door Selling or Renting the Latest Books.

This Westwood, Thanet, Young Woman Has Become a Street Vendor of Fancy Neckwear for Men, and the Local Haberdashers Have Discovered That She Has Lured Many Customers From Them.

The "Brilliant" Idea of This Grocer Seems to Be Working Out Well. He Has His Miniature Shop on Wheels, and to Carry Out the Motif He Uses Roller Skates to Get Around to Shout His Wares. He Lives in Sussex.



Here's a Walking Pet Shop Right in London. But Her Business Collapsed Almost Immediately After She Started, for She Didn't Have the Heart to Sell the Kittens to Unlikely-Looking Customers.

Miss Maud Bellville, London's Time Seller, Who Peddles the Right Time to Watchmen, Etc.

action, but the phrase has stuck. Individual Britishers, when they find themselves up against it in an economic crisis, find some ingenious and profitable ways to "muddle," as the photographs on this page show.

Every one of these people used his, or her, head to make an honest and respectable living when conditions forced them out of their regular jobs or made it necessary for them to find ways of being more efficient.

The young woman at the extreme left of the page became a walking library when she lost her job in a Ramsgate bankstore. Most of her friends thought she wasn't showing good judgment when she went into the same line of business from which she had been let out because people didn't seem much interested in buying or borrowing books for a small weekly charge. But she had the right idea because, when she went from house to house, business picked up and she made much more money than she ever did working for somebody else.

The girl in the picture beside the roving lending library had an idea just as clever. She lives in Westwood, England, and was idle for many months before she hit upon the scheme of putting casters on an old towel rack and engaging in the necktie business. She bought the cravats wholesale and sold them for less than the clothiers of the community because they had rent and overhead to pay and she didn't. Being a good-looking young woman with a pleasant smile she made a hit with prospective customers and, although she didn't earn heavy profits, demonstrated that she could beat the depression.

The young man shown in the center of the page is a green-grocer in Sussex. He, too, was let out from one job and another, before he decided to go in business for himself as an itinerant seller of fruits and vegetables. With his small capital he invested in a pair of roller skates and pressed a tea table into service. The table has two decks and holds a surprising amount of stuff when it is carefully arranged.

Like the girl with the bookcase strapped to her back, he went from house to house and soon built up a lively trade. Before the first week of his venture had passed he was loading up three or four times a day at a nearby farm where he bought fresh supplies at wholesale rates.

Even more imaginative than the bookseller, the necktie woman, or the rolling grocer was the young resident of London who tried her hand at being a walking pet shop. As the photograph shows she made a display case out of a walking stick, three strips of wood, three lightweight baskets and a few nails. Her carry-all held three kittens. This young woman might have done a thriving and profitable business but, as she put it, she is too soft-hearted. When she didn't like the looks of prospective customers, she refused to sell kittens to them, feeling that they might not treat the innocent little pets well. This attitude got her embroiled in several unpleasant arguments and, in less than a week, she quit being a walking pet shop and began to think of some other enterprise.

The photograph at the extreme right of the page shows Miss Maud Bellville, of London, who is making a good living peddling the correct time. Her entire investment in her unusual business is a good watch which has been adjusted to a dozen different positions. It never varies more than a second or two a day and, before she starts out in the morning she has it checked with a master clock. Many of her customers are the watchmen of banks and business establishments.

Firemen's Curious Pet

ONE of the country's best fish stories—and a true one—comes from Burbank, California, where the "smoke-eaters" of Fire Station No. 2 have a pet which they have shown off to thousands of visitors. His name is Blackie and, as the photographs at the right show, he is a fish—a black bass, to be specific.

Blackie is 14 inches long, sleek and plump and the boss of the shallow lily-pond close by the fire house. There are several smaller fish in the place but he keeps them in their place, especially at meal time.

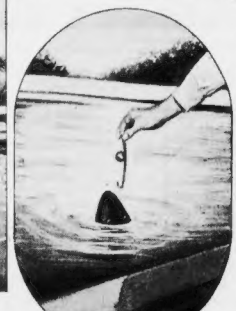
The pet bass knows all the firemen and follows them when they walk around the rim of the pool, whistling to him and calling his name. He comes close when called and sticks his blunt snout out of water, begging for food.

The firemen are as fond of Blackie as they could be of a dog, or a cat, and, every day, some of them find time to dig up a canful of worms to keep the rascal healthy and happy. The bass knows well enough when his friends are lifting worms and he swims slowly around, opening and closing his big maw. He seldom gets a meal without working for it, however, and has to jump for the worms which are held a few inches above the surface. He has become expert at rising from the water and snapping up the wriggling morsels—always being careful not to nip the fingers of his generous and admiring friends.

When food isn't being doled out Blackie gets along amiably enough with the other fish in the pond, but at feeding time he goes ruggedly individualistic and scares his pals away from much chance at the more abundant life. He darts and thrashes about until they are thoroughly frightened and but busy keeping out of his way to gobble up more than a stray worm tossed in the water directly above them.

For all his boorish table manners, Blackie is a popular fellow known to hundreds of Burbank's citizens.

Blackie, the 14-Inch Black Bass, Responding to a Fireman's Call to Lunch, in the Pond of the Burbank, California, Fire Station. He Is as Tame as a Dog and as Sleek as a Well-Fed Seal.



It Is No Stunt at All for Blackie to Lift Himself Almost a Third Out of Water to Play With a String or Accept a Worm.

Hunchbacks In Convention

BUCHAREST.

MAXIM'S is one of this city's most elegant and exclusive night clubs. It is patronized by the wealthy and the swanky set, who like a bit of music and dancing with good food and vintage wines. Not long ago the waiters of the establishment got quite a turn when a dozen hunchbacks in evening dress walked into the club.

Close on the heels of these deformed guests came others, in groups and singly. Half an hour before the orchestra was ready to play its first number there were 36 hunchbacks, some of them men and some of them women. They wondered what on earth had attracted so many malformed customers. And before the evening was over almost every table in the place was surrounded by hunchbacks who were almost as amazed as the management at the unusual character of the gathering.

The mystery was explained when one Nicholas Ionesco arrived and announced that, acting on a hunch, he had thought it might be proper and enjoyable if all the hunchbacks in Bucharest and vicinity got together for a sort of informal convention.

At first the deformed guests were as upset at the management and frankly accused Ionescu of playing a cruel prank just for his own amusement. But as the evening wore on and the assembled diners filled their stomachs with good food and stimulating wine, they forgot their resentment and discovered that they were having more fun than they'd had for many a day. They forgave Mr. Ionescu and even drank grateful toasts to him.

After the party broke up—which was not until two o'clock in the morning—the waiters at the smart night club checked up on the unexpected event and agreed that they had seldom seen a wilder party.

On This Farm, About 28 Miles From London, the Plowman Finds that Music From His Portable Radio is a Great Help in Whiling Away the Long, Toilsome Hours.

What African Royal Messengers are Wearing

THE curiously dressed fellow in the photograph at the right has one of the softest and most profitable rackets in the world, even though he lives in the jungles of Africa. He is a Negro tribesman in the Belgian Congo and, among the blacks he so cleverly imposes upon, he is known as the "King's fox."

The suit goes with the racket and is a strange outfit from the point of view of anyone who doesn't know this boy and his business. His face is covered with a wooden mask with the narrowest of slits for the king's "fox" to look through and watch the effect of his shenanigans on the ignorant blacks. He is, in the scheme of things in his quarter of the Dark Continent, a royal messenger and keeps his boss advised of the economic and social condition of all his subjects.

When he hasn't his "foxy" ensemble on he is little more than an ordinary citizen who happens to be close to the big chief, but the moment he is hidden behind the mask and the fuzzy get-up, he's a chief of police, a big-shot politician and a racketeer rolled into one. He may—and does—demand such "gifts" as chickens, goats, and even an occasional cow, if he sees a beany that looks especially good to him. The "donors" of the worldly goods don't dare to cross the wily "fox," for fear that he will talk to the king about them and bring some dire punishment on their heads.

From time to time resident governors of the district have tried, in a tactful way, to curb this fellow and the special messengers of other chieftains, but without much success. The white authorities have mildly pointed out to the head men in their jungle domain that there really is no good reason why a king's messenger should have the power to demand valuable objects that he spots in the course of his duties and that, at times, his demands work a hardship on the natives who have none too much for their own use.

None of these suggestions has done any good however, and the oddly dressed "foxes" continue to live on the fat of the land.

This Weird Figure in Grass Robes and Mask Is the Messenger From the Chief of an African Tribe and Is Called the King's Fox. He Is the Country's No. 1 Grafter and Accepts Chickens, Goats, Etc., as Offerings From Those Whom He Calls on Regularly.

Music's Charms Lighten Labor on Farm

SEVERAL times, during the past few years, scientists have experimented with the effect of music on human behavior. In institutions for the insane and the neurotic radio and graphophone music have been played in an attempt to prove that melody can, and does, have a normalizing influence—if it is the right sort of music. Other experiments in offices and factories have seemed to show that music, instead of distracting workers from their jobs, enables them to work faster and more steadily. Again, the experimenters are careful to explain, the tunes have to be "just so" in order to bring about this positive result.

No one has yet suggested that farmers working on their acres might benefit by the addition of a little pleasant melody in their ears, but the photograph at the left shows one countryman—a Britisher who lives not far from London—who is pioneering the interesting idea.

This man, who greatly enjoys listening to the programs of the British Broadcasting Company, had a portable set in his home. But he found little time to tune in on the entertainment that was to be picked out of the atmosphere. So he put a leather strap on the receiving set, fitted it with a set of earphones and hung the box about his neck as he set out to do a bit of harrowing in one of his fields.

With a turn of the dial he picked up the music of one of the country's best dance orchestras and enjoyed an hour's concert while he led a husky work horse back and forth across the fertile fields.

"I was surprised," he said, "how quickly the time passed and the amount of work I got done. I believe other farmers would find life better if they would do the same thing."

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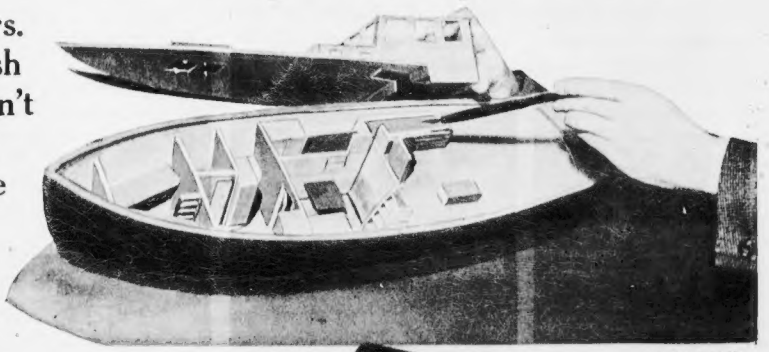
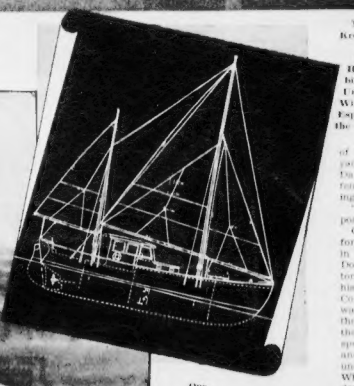
Proved Her Honor By Blueprints

Attractive Mrs. Dorothy Walsh Faruolo Couldn't Have Been Untrue in the Yacht's Pilot-House Without Making the Compass Untrue, and It Wasn't

A Recent Photograph of the Attractive Mrs. Dorothy Walsh Faruolo, Heroine of the Blueprint Divorce Case.





The Finger of Mr. Kromholtz, the Designer, Pointing Out the Model of the Pilot-House and the Impossibility of Anyone Being Unfaithful to Anyone Within It. The Model Was Especially Prepared for the Divorce Suit.

One of the Blueprints With Which Mrs. Faruolo's Innocence Was Determined.

Interesting Photograph Taken on Board the "Yarra" With Mrs. Faruolo in the Foreground and Mr. Beauville ("Moby Dick"), Her Husband's Snoring Chief Witness, Behind Her.

Millionaire Photographer Mr. Anton Brunhl, Who Owned the Yacht.

BY MEANS of blueprints, geometry, anatomy and curves, Mrs. Dorothy Walsh Faruolo convinced a jury at White Plains, New York, that she could not have been untrue to her wealthy husband, Edward M. Faruolo, in the pilot-house of the yacht Yarra, even though Anton Brunhl or a pocket-sized co-respondent, only five feet, four inches tall, it was proved that he could not have slept there without making the compass aim astray—and that he was proved innocent.

When Mrs. Faruolo, in her counter-suit for divorce charged that her husband had been untrue to her on the high seas, but on a Bermuda liner where there was plenty of elbow room, the husband, with rather unusual generosity, informed the jury that it would be all right with him if they found him and his wife both guilty. Just for that, the rather pugnacious jury found them both innocent, but first they had to have a fist and chair-throwing battle in the jury room.

Mr. Faruolo, wealthy clubman and real estate operator of Westchester, opened up proceedings with what looked like a knockout to the first round. He said he had a signed confession by his wife. The attractive co-respondent, Dorothy Walsh, in which she admitted intermittent infidelity on both land and sea with the co-respondent for the last ten years.

In criminal trials the defendant's lawyers loom signed confessions aside by asserting that the police obtained them by beating their clients with a piece of rubber hose. Dorothy didn't say anything about a hose being used on her, but insisted that Edward had "slugged her with alcohol" and anyway that it was a confidential communication between husband and wife. The mere sight of the horrid paper threw Mrs. Faruolo into hysterics.

"Oh, my poor children! How could he do such a thing? He is killing me." She, then staggering from the witness stand out into the fresh air where it took her an hour to calm down enough for the case to continue. Judge Lee Parker Davis ruled that the confession was inadmissible as evidence, as the husband had to make out his case with ordinary testimony.

After the trial sense of the jury-men said they would not have believed the confession even if it had been admitted to them, because it purported to say that Dorothy had been in love with Brunhl and as true to him as was practicable, all that time. The jury doubted if any fathers-in-law would remain faithful to one co-respondent for an entire ten years.

Mr. Faruolo's star witness was Maitby Bolvard Beauville, called "Moby Dick" for short, a tall, smooth bachelor, 49 years old, with an Adolf Hitler type mustache. He was called to tell about a cruise from New York to Bermuda in August, 1934, when he was a guest of the co-respondent on his 50-foot motor yacht Yarra.

On the way out there were seven in the party besides himself, he said. Those were the owner and his wife and wealthy Australian-American commercial photographer Anton Brunhl, his brother Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bourgeau, Louis Kromholtz, a naval architect who had designed the yacht, Earl Coffin and Mrs. Faruolo.

He carefully explained where everyone slept on the trip out, four of them in the main cabin, the two Bourgeaus way forward in the fo'c'sle and the remaining two, Anton Brunhl and Dorothy in the pilot house. There was no argument about Mrs. Faruolo having slept there, but a vast amount as to whether the diminutive photographer could and did slumber there also. Mr. Faruolo's attorney, Warren W. Wells, asked Beauville to describe the pilot house and he said:

The front was on the port side, the chart table was forward with an air-cushion mattress, a tool box on the starboard side, windows all around and then the door. A companion way led below on the starboard side.

Asked if he actually saw both Anton and the defendant asleep in the pilot house he said that he had and added:

"And sometimes they would be on deck and she would scratch his back. On the return trip Mrs. Faruolo was the only woman on board, the Bourgeaus returning by train. There was plenty of drinking."

Attorney Paul Biggins, for cross-examination for the defendant wanted to know if the revelers hadn't set up all the first night out and, if on the second night, Anton hadn't set up all night nursing the sick engines and on the third and last night if Anton hadn't slept temporarily on the main cabin. Beauville admitted that there was some truth in all this but insisted that at least once he had seen the owner sleeping on the chart table's air cushion. Asked if he had made any advances to Mrs. Faruolo, the bachelor witness denied it with a blush. Also he said he had never threatened to get even when she slapped his face.

As one of the guests on the trip and designer of the yacht itself, naval architect Kromholtz, was star witness for the defense. He took the stand, armed with blueprints of the Yarra and a model of it built to the scale of half an inch to the foot. The jurymen neighbored when he got to the dimensions of the pilot house where the defendant, who is 34 years old, and the co-respondent, who is 36 are alleged to have slumbered, unsupervised.

The designer explained that the pilot house is six feet four inches in length and eight feet three in width. The chart table, on which Beauville says he saw the owner sleeping, is four feet three inches long, which is just one inch less than the full stature of Anton. By drawing up his feet or pulling in his neck one inch he could make it. The width is 33 inches, a bit snug for comfort but enough for a small man like Mr. Brunhl, especially on a yachting trip and after plenty of drinks.

But, at that point came the circumstantial evidence from the permanent occupant of the pilot house, the yacht's compass. The compass lives in a binnacle, a little brass housing with two brass ears which are always pricked up alertly as if listening for a bell buoy. The ears contain shaded lights which illuminate the sober face of the compass. These brass ears and alert eyes bear no evil and see no evil. But in this case it seems they would permit none either because the binnacle takes up 12 of the 33 inches width and is just halfway between what would be the head and foot of the table if used as a bed.

The thought arose that perhaps in a yacht where so many things are collapsible and removable, the binnacle could be lifted out and stowed away in a locker. The naval expert made it clear that this could not be. He said:

"The binnacle was never moved in this ship. It would cost about $50 to do so and would throw off the trueness of the compass' direction."

(When a new compass is installed in a ship, it has to be corrected by an expert who runs the vessel over a known course and makes the needle point true by adjusting magnets and steel rods in the binnacle. If the binnacle is moved this has to be done over again.)

A yachtsman's wife might be untrue without his knowing it, but if his compass gets that way he will find it out in his turning the first time he tries to steer by it in a fog. Anton, a bachelor with no wife-troubles of his own would he saw the owner sleeping, is four feet three inches long, which is just one inch less than the full stature of Anton. By drawing up his feet or pulling in his neck one inch he could make it. The width is 33 inches, a bit snug for comfort but enough for a small man like Mr. Brunhl, especially on a yachting trip and after plenty of drinks.

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Within the binnacle the compass remains sober though floating in a tiny sea of alcohol. According to some of the testimony the party on the Yarra had a somewhat similar capacity. With all the drinking they only reached a stage which the naval architect described as "informality" but never immorality. However Mr. Kromholtz did say that Mrs. Faruolo was seasick. To be seasick is neither incriminating nor degrading, but someone, when discussing on a yachting trip where everyone claims to be a "good sailor." He looked apologetically at the defendant, as he said that as if hoping she would remember that he was under oath to tell the whole truth.

But this was nothing compared with the assault on the yachting character of Moby Dick. Mr. Kromholtz, asked if Beauville behaved like a gentleman, gave the following deadly answer:

"If a gentleman doesn't wash dishes and has only the ability to drink, then he behaved like a gentleman."

Had he suggested that Beauville had declined to "stand his trick at the wheel" that might be forgiven, because steering is an interesting job and somebody is always glad to do it. But washing dishes in a tiny stuffy galley, verges on the heroic in rough weather and evading it is serious slacking. However, one of the other witnesses said "Moby Dick" had done his share of the nautical chores.

But the crushed stab at Beauville's yachtsman-s reputation was when the rest of the party "ganged up" and accused him of being a snorer. Victims of snorelessness sometimes get over it, and snorers may be shamed into doing their bit but a thunderous snorer is incurable and worse than a seven-day fog. It is easy to sleep in spite of the steady sound of the ragtime but those nocturnal horrishowers wake even the most deaf. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bourgeau testified to the power and range of this alleged human fog-horn and the testimony was material because, like a bell on a cat, it told everyone where Beauville was while he was asleep. H. Earl Coffin, dignified land architect of old Greenwich, Connecticut, said, under oath:

"Mr. Beauville snored louder than any person I ever came in contact with. On the return trip Martin Brunhl said to Mr. Beauville, 'For God's sake go forward, I can't sleep.' Mr. Beauville was offended."

Of course he was. To be given the fo'c'sle all to himself for such a reason would be a deadly blow to his chances of being invited on other yachting trips. Judge Davis took pity on the defenseless man by remarking:

"We all snore, I suppose, and we all deny it."

Catherine Podaris, a former maid, testified that in 1929, she had seen Dorothy sneak into Anton's bedroom one night at his house in Sound Beach, Conn. Asked why she waited all this time to tell the husband, she explained that she hadn't learned to speak English at the time and doubted if he would understand in German. When the co-respondent denied that he had ever been intimate with the defendant, he was asked if he had ever been intimate with any woman. He didn't have to answer that one because the judge struck it out.

"Have you ever played Santa Claus at your home and at the Faruolo's home?" asked Attorney Diggins.

"Yes, for many years," Brunhl answered. "I put on the usual costume, including the whiskers, and gave out the presents. I even gave many to Dick Beauville."

This testimony continued for some time and became more and more categorical. He consistently denied ever kissing, embracing, fondling or even holding hands (except once in swimming) with the defendant.

Then came the wife's counter-suit for divorce in which she drew on the memory of her two brothers for evidence.

Captain William Walsh, former artillery officer in the A. E. F., tall, good natured was the first witness.

Q. Tell us about the trip to Bermuda with Eddy Faruolo and your brother Harry in 1929. A. Well, we waited outside the bar until we were beyond the legal limit. When the doors opened we rushed in. You see that was the purpose of the trip. A good old-fashion drinking bout, the same as we used to have on the other side.

Q. Then what happened? A. Well, after we had polished off quite a few we met some girls. We went to our cabin on H deck. Eddy met with the his girl. He kissed her and hugged her.

Q. Describe her? What's her name? A. I don't recall her name, but she was a brunette. I'll say that Eddy drew the ace.

Q. The what? Well, what did you draw? A. Oh, I drew a deuce.

Q. Then? A. Well, Eddy winked at me and said: "Bill, give a pal a break."

Q. What did you do then? A. What could I do? I gave him a break and went looking for the swimming pool. Later I dropped into the bar.

Q. Then? A. After a couple of hours I came to the cabin. I knocked and Eddy said: "Wait a minute."

Q. Then what? A. Well, he opened the door about a foot. Then I closed the door and went back to the bar.

The jury, 12 good (married) men and true, then had to add their two bits, making the case 100 per cent cinch. Their first vote was 10 to 2 in favor of Dorothy's innocence. But the minority started a sit-down strike and began to sing, "No, no, a thousand times no!"

Suddenly came crashing sounds of chairs thrown in anger, a pounding on the jury room door, a voice crying: "Let me out. I won't stay in a room with that ——."

Then came a whacking sound and a jubilant voice exhorting: "Good boy! Give it to him again."

Three deputy sheriffs crashed in and persuaded the jurors to use reason instead of violence. They then reasoned that everybody was innocent.

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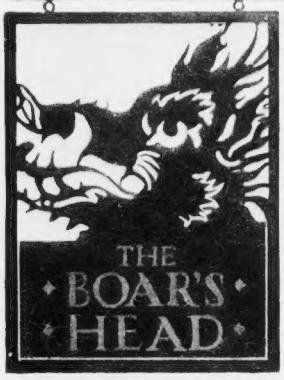
Curious Art in Exhibition of Signs from Famous English Inns

"The Mytton and the Mermaid," an Old Sign From Over the Door of a Drinking Place at Atcham, Shropshire. It Was Done by the Artist, Ralph Ellis.



The Boar's Head, Trade-mark of a Popular Inn on the Motor Highway Just Outside of London.

Going Back to the Quaintness of Medieval England, the Artist Has Caught the Spirit of Those Times in This Picture, "A Man Loaded With Mischief."

Always the Maritime Motif Is Present. This Is the Sign for a Resort of Which an Old Salt Is the Proprietor. The Interior of the Suburban Inn "The Galleon" Is Built to Represent the Galley of an Old Ship.

LONDON.

SINCE the Middle Ages the English have been fond of their taverns, inns and coffee houses, and proud of the highly imaginative and artistic signs that swing above their doors. Many of the famous old places have disappeared, others have stayed and new ones have sprung up in the cities and in rural England. Many of the old inn signs have become valuable relics, and the owners of modern establishments, inspired by the traditions and customs of other days, see to it that their trade-marks are distinctive signs carrying out the names of their establishments.

The pictures of tavern "boards" shown on this page are photographic reproductions of signs, old and new, which recently were put on public display at the Building Centre in New Bond Street. Hundreds of the signs were exhibited, and several thousand people came to see them.

The old signs, dating to the 17th and 18th centuries, were relics that attracted a great deal of attention, but they didn't steal the show. The modern "boards," some of them done in the medieval manner, held their own with the old-timers. And revealed that there are several living painters who are able at designing these interesting trade-marks as the artists of the old days.

Many people who pride themselves on knowing their inns, old and new, visited the exhibition to refresh their memories about public houses they had visited to sample the ale. They were not disappointed. Besides the signs shown on this page, they found the escutcheons of such famous coffee houses and taverns as the Turk's Head, the Four Swans, the Star and Garter, the Running Footman, the Jew's Harp and the Green Man.

Going back to the times when there were no motorcars and horse-drawn coaches rolled over the turnpikes of the British Isles, the visitors to the show found the amusing painted slogans of such celebrated hostelries as the Black Bear, the White Bear, the White Horse and the Half Moon. Hanging from the walls of the gallery were the spirited likenesses of other beasts representing the Red Lion, the White Hart, the Green Dragon and the Elephant & Castle.

All over the British Isles, especially in towns and villages on the seacoast, are inns whose names have a salty flavor. Their signs are bright with such things as galleons, more modern ships, compasses, anchors, spyglasses and steering wheels. One of the finest of such signs in the country swings above the entrance of the Galleon, a tavern with a taproom done in the marine manner. The proprietor is an old seadog, who knows his ships and regales his guests with salty yarns.

At the moment there are two artists in England who are gaining fame by their imaginative and excellently executed tavern signs. They are Ralph Ellis and E. M. Dinkel. Each of them had several "boards" in the show.

Oddest Costume of the Year? A Beach Suit of Red Peppers

The Metal-Covered Four-Cylindered Motorcycle, Which Resembles a Streamlined Shoe. It Was Made in Italy, and in a Recent Test Made a Speed of 190 Miles an Hour, Using a Minimum of Gasoline.

Of All the Places to Create a Beach Suit, Phoenix, Arizona, Is the Most Unlikely. But Here Is Senorita Lolita Lopez Wearing One Made, of All Things, Out of Red Peppers.

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JUST when it seemed that there was nothing new to be connected in beach outfits, the citizens of Phoenix, Arizona, decided to glorify the red pepper, a delicacy that enjoys great popularity in the Southwest. The community's young women were urged to fashion ensembles made of the hot fruit, so that they might parade before a board of judges charged with the pleasant job of picking one of them as the Pepper Queen.

The victory went to Senorita Lolita Lopez, the smiling young woman shown in the photograph below. Better than any of the other contestants she was able to design and make the peppers into something that had a certain semblance of style. She also had more daring in her strange job of dressmaking and fashioned a costume that showed off her graceful figure to excellent advantage.

Phoenix, Arizona, is a long way from the sea and the promoters of the pageant did not seriously suggest that the entrants were tipping Paris off on what might become a popular style at the smart watering places in this country and abroad. They admitted that they were not so much interested in contributing to "la mode" as in telling the world that the red pepper is a nice fruit for those who know how to use it, and that Arizona has just as pretty and shapely girls as can be found anywhere.

The Mexican sombrero was an appropriate finishing touch to the costume, which was made of enough peppers to furnish chile con carne for a dozen persons.

Next year the farmers in this district will crown another Pepper Queen, but they don't expect she'll be any prettier than Lolita.

"Oompah," the Maternal Parrot, Herding the Young Chicks Which She Hatched, and Which She Is Now Mothering in San Antonio, Texas.

The New Bike that Goes 190 Miles an Hour

ROME.

FOR the past year or two inventors have been working on streamlined bodies for motorcycles patterned after the ultra-modern motor car models that are coming closer and closer to the bear-drop shape, which scientists say is the last word in efficiency.

In France and Germany various graceful hoods for the motor bikes have been tried out, but, if the reports on these machines are accurate, none of them has developed the speed of the motorcycle shown in the photograph above. It is the idea of an Italian automotive engineer who first built a powerful four-cylinder motorcycle and then covered it with a light but sturdy metal cover which completely encloses machine and rider.

For months experiments were made with small models of the streamlined body. These models were placed in a wind tunnel and were changed this way and that way until the lines were about as perfect as they could be. The inventor was not at all interested in the artistic appearance of his machine; his goal was speed.

A turret-like dome of metal and glass covers the rider and removes him as a wind catcher. Also, because the wind doesn't blow in his face he can drive the machine much faster than a standard model motorcycle and he doesn't have to wear the familiar goggles. He does, however, wear a thickly padded leather helmet in case of a crackup.

At the time the photograph above was snapped the newest idea in motorcycles was being driven on a track in Milan by the Italian speed champion, Taruffi. It was no trouble at all for him to roll the machine around the track at 100 miles an hour and, in his best lap, he sent the machine whizzing over the saucer-like course at a speed of 190 miles an hour.

At the end of the trials Signor Taruffi said that he believed such streamlined bikes could be made to do more than 200 miles an hour, and with more comfort to the driver than if he rode an ordinary motorcycle at a speed of a mile a minute. He was impressed with the manner in which the vehicle held steady on the straightaway, because of the fin above the rear wheel and by the ease with which he could bank the cycle on the turns.

Some months ago a Frenchman by the name of Marcel Berthet, one of the fastest bicycle riders in the world, tried out a similar streamlined body on a track on the outskirts of Paris. His machine, an ordinary racing bicycle, was fitted with a light metal sheet with an opening in the curved front for M. Berthet to look through.

In his trial tests of the new device the French rider pedaled the machine around the track at the rate of a mile in one minute and 40 seconds—nothing like 190 miles an hour, but high speed for a man to generate with his own muscles.

Scientific tests revealed that the wind resistance of the rider and machine was reduced something like 50 per cent by covering both with a streamlined jacket. Other cyclists, watching the tests, jokingly called the streamlined machine the "capsule" and the "beetle," but all of them asked for a chance to ride the wheel for the thrill of traveling faster on a bicycle than they ever had before.

It is said that Italian military experts have watched the trial runs of the streamlined motorcycle and are much interested in the possibilities of some such machine as dispatch cars. The cover, they say, could be made of bullet-proof steel.

Parrot Proud Mother of Plymouth Rocks

IN San Antonio, Texas, people point proudly to "Oompah," a wall-eyed, red and green parrot belonging to Mrs. A. E. Westmeyer. This bird, they say, is about the most maternal-minded parrot that ever sat on a perch and shouted raucous words to passers-by. In fact, she has shown an example of mother love that many a woman might emulate.

Mrs. Westmeyer, until a short time ago, supposed that "Oompah" was a happy and contented bird. She had everything that a parrot could ask for—a good home, an extra large cage, plenty of the sort of food that parrots like and more freedom than is allowed most of the talkative birds. But "Oompah" seemed to lack something. For hours she would walk back and forth on her perch, grasp the bars of her cage with her beak and register other signs of uneasiness. Even when she was let out of the cage to wander about the back-yard she didn't seem to be able to settle down. As Mrs. Westmeyer said at the time, the pet seemed to be looking for something she couldn't find.

One day the mystery was solved. "Oompah" waddled about the yard picking up small round pebbles and carrying them to the same spot. When she had gathered half a dozen of the smooth rocks she stood over them, wide-legged, ruffled her bright feathers and sat down on them, with a very serious expression in her eyes. Anyone could see that "Oompah" was bored with her spinster's existence and craved to raise a family. In her primitive way she imagined the rocks were eggs which would hatch youngsters if she kept them warm enough and sat on them for the regulation length of time.

Mrs. Westmeyer, now that she knew what was troubling her feathered friend, was more than sympathetic. She went right out and bought "Oompah" a couple of fresh and fertile hen's eggs—Plymouth Rock eggs, to be exact.

The parrot was lifted from the lifeless pebbles and shown the larger and smoother eggs. Her instinct told her that here was something worth sitting on, and she proceeded to do just that. She was put in a place where she wouldn't be bothered and plenty of food and water was placed near the nest. With the best of judgment she stayed put for hours at a time and never left the eggs until her hunger made that necessary. And always she hustled back to the job before the eggs got too cool.

In due time "Oompah" hatched her family, a pair of healthy chicks that were too young and inexperienced to know that their foster mother was not their kind of bird. But they clung to her, as they might have to a clucking, fussy and she handled them as tenderly and expertly as she would have taken care of youngsters of her own flock and kind.

"Oompah" has the best intentions in the world but she isn't a hen and her nature tells her to watch over her small flock in a manner that no hen ever imagined. When she thinks the chicks are straying too far away from her, she waddles awkwardly after them, carefully picks them up in the hooked and powerful beak and carries them back to a spot that seems safer.

The parrot doesn't know how a maternal hen clucks, so she can't do that, but she has tried to adjust herself to her new duties by imitating the "peep-peep" of her brood. They peep and "Oompah" peeps, and it's almost impossible to tell whether the sound is coming from the youngsters or from their remarkable mother.

The parrot's youngsters will, of course, grow until they are much larger than the "honey bear" who hatched them.

To Drop an Expedition on the North Pole From Parachutes

Cast Over from the Big Planes Circling High Above the North Polar Ice the Scores of Parachutes Will Float Like Enormous Snowflakes, Each Bearing Its Burden of Men and Dogs and All the Necessary Equipment for a Thorough Exploration of One of the Few Remaining Places on the Earth's Surface Which Still Remain a Mystery.

Airplanes Unable to Land, Russia Plans to Scatter Men, Dogs, Sleds, Huts and All Else Necessary, Like Snowflakes Down Upon the Polar Ice

A Photograph of a Soviet Airplane "Bailing Out" a Company of Fully Armed and Equipped Soldiers Attached to Parachutes—One of the Maneuvers Which the Russians Have Perfected for Warfare, Which Enables Them to Land Whole Regiments Behind the Enemy's Line.

MOSCOW, Feb. 26.

BLIZZARDS sweep the Arctic often enough, but one day soon an uncommon flurry will fill the cold skies above the North Pole and gigantic snow-flakes of a new kind will come floating down the sky. This descending "snow," however, will do a strange thing. Ant-like creatures will detach themselves from the fabricated flakes and busy themselves on the great frozen garden on the roof of the world.

This puzzling sight would be solved by looking in the sky where the black cloud that released the curious snow is already going away. Through a telescope the "cloud" would turn out to be a fleet of airplanes, and the "snow" would be scores of parachutes. One would be witnessing the first mass conquest of the North Pole.

This plan to send a whole fleet of airplanes to the earth's north axis to start a scientific colony there is being formulated by the Soviet Government, and the first steps for the daring adventure have already been prepared. Almost daily Pravda, Russia's official newspaper, carries articles about the proposed expedition, and the public is eager for the event.

The curious Russian imagination, which thinks a thing soon exists if it is still only thought about, is already meeting the great ice wastes and redressing them in an empire of gold, remote, frozen and lush. A safe way to the Pacific, Arctic aeronautics that will make air voyages easy from Leningrad to San Francisco and whole communities living in the sea terrain are now complete to the Russian mind.

But this aeronautic "flight of fancy" may very soon turn out to be the most practical thing that the Russians have ever done. That it can be done there seems little doubt, if for no other reason than that they have developed "parachutism" far ahead of all other nations.

Thus for many parts of Russia, airplanes are the only means of travel. They take the place of highways and railroads, and as there is more industrial air transport now abroad in Russia than in any other country. Airplanes, even the favorite toys of Soviet children, and instruction in aeronautics is part of every schoolboy's program. Nowhere on earth are people more airminded.

What has also encouraged aviation in the lands of the Soviets is its war usefulness. Recent spectacular maneuvers by the Soviet army have featured the landing of whole armies by parachutes in back of an imaginary line. By this astounding technique they can dump thousands of armed soldiers, fully equipped with radio, machine guns and even light field artillery. The moment their land, these "bird men" unbuckle their parachutes and in a few minutes converge into a moving army. There is no doubt of this, they have the photographs to prove it.

The value of this strategy lies in its speed and surprise elements, for supplies can be cut off, communications stopped, and the enemy demoralized by knowing that it can be shot in the back. Scenes from such sudden skyarmies, shown on this page and as rehearsed by Russians in mock battles, remind one of the Arabian north of the flying carpet from which the hero sows the earth with seeds that spring into armies. Certainly the photographs of the winged armies prove that the probability of the polar parachute trip is no such idle myth.

Yet the entire Arctic adventure seems to have been inspired by the writer of fantasies a man named Maverick Skipper, who wrote a story called "Homecoming, or the North Pole," in which he has aviators begin a colony there. He describes an aerodrome covered with furs to prevent the slipping, freezing and sinking of airplane wheels on the ice. Just how "fantastic" even this story is, is a question, for the author has had a mysterious year's leave of absence on official duty.

At any rate, scientists were delighted by the hints and began to consider the chances of making it work. They soon realized, however, that all ice would not hold up the heavy airplanes, even should these land on a place smooth enough to prevent a crackup. But this was no serious obstacle; parachutes were the solution, and parachute it is to be.

Those who take part in the projected trip will be scientists and explorers, all of them highly trained and well-equipped. A whole fleet of airplanes will be necessary, for the expedition will need enough men to do the many things that have been planned. Food, provisions, fuel, and tents to last for one year must be dropped by parachutes. There must even be dogs and sledges to travel by.

After the North Pole has been located, one man jumps out alone. He goes as a kind of pioneer, to blaze the trail for the others. This technician, as soon as he reaches the ice, starts tapping it and listening with his echo-meter-instrument for vibrations so he can determine the thickness. If the place is unfavorable for any reason, he starts looking for a better one. But if the spot will hold the weight of the expedition, and if the surface is not too rough, he gives the signal and at once the rest follow. One by one they take to their "cloud shoes" and hop down to earth.

The sleds, the radio parts, the tents and food supplies, the scientific instruments and the terrific dogs are all dropped down after the men are there to receive them. Each will land safely, for Russians have developed automatic parachutes which open without tearing a rip-cord. As the boxes and sleds land, the men quickly unhook them. The dogs, which loyally go through heaven and earth for their masters are unenthusiastic as they sit on top of the world and watch all this.

The men who leap from the planes are able to land on the same spot because they are equipped with the parapiane. Recently The American Weekly reported the parapiane among the things discovered by science in 1936. Instead of landing in free descents parachutes happen to drop them, aerial jumpers are now able to land exactly where they want to by using this pair of bird-like wings as well as the usual parachute. With them, a jumper may glide as far as three miles in any direction he chooses from the point at which he leaves the airplane. When he sees a safe landing spot he opens the parachute and moves directly downward. Before this the parachute was at the mercy of wind and air currents, which must be a serious problem at the North Pole. There is also a vertical stabilizing plane worn by the jumper to keep him from spinning around in the air.

A Closer View of the Russian Soldiers Dropping to Earth, in This Case Using Double Parachutes With Which They Are Enabled to an Extent to Guide Their Descent.

One of the Soldiers Stepping Out of the Parachute Harness All Ready to Attack the Enemy's Rear.

Then the airplanes hover around in the sky until the intrepid scientists put together their radio sets and find them in working order. It is necessary for the airplane pilots to know this because otherwise, if no radio messages from the expedition were received in Russia, nobody would know when they were in trouble.

Snow houses are first built, for these are the warmest, and the workers set up the provision tents and make fast the dogs and tend to the many problems of an efficient camp. After this the scientists get to work. They will have to work swiftly to get everything ready by the time the planes return in a year.

A year seems a long time, but not when there is so much to do. For one thing, there is an old notion that the Arctic holds the secret of many cosmic problems. The Russians plan to study some of these secrets of the world's weather as controlled by the weather "kitchen," as it has been called, at the North Pole. Their theory is that by studying the source some useful conclusions can be made about weather laws and forecasting. They will make a careful record of storms and wind velocity, temperature and humidity, ice movements, oceanic peculiarities and tides and directions of current beneath the ice.

But that is not the total of their work. Radio broadcasts will be made to Russia announcing developments so that other scientists at Leningrad and elsewhere can work out theories from these facts and even plan articles fitted to that part of the world. The Russians want to colonize the Arctic as that someday the fish, furs and reindeer may be utilized. Someday a man may yawn, drink but deer's milk and go to his polar bed by the clock, since for months electric light will be the only daylight and for other months the sun will go in circles without setting.

But the scientists will be almost too busy to sleep. They will try to discover what becomes of the warm gulf stream in the Arctic regions. There are rumors that the stream comes to the surface further north than the present ice-breaking routes. If such an ice-free route should be discovered to the Pacific, not only the economic but the military value would be tremendous. The Trans-Siberian Railway, for one, would then be partly relieved of congestion and in case of a Russian war with Japan, the destruction of this railroad would not be fatal.

In addition to the north-eastern seaway, a north-western route may also be sought. It is this route which Hendrik Hudson was looking for when he was set adrift by his fearful sailors in Hudson Bay. Such a route would cut off about 5,000 miles in sending shipments from Russia to the American West Coast, which at present must be sent by Panama Canal.

Then there must be a search made with the help of dogs and sleds for a place to build a possible aerodrome. If the conditions are found to be favorable, the ice will be cleared for an air field and fatty flares will be set up to help airplanes land. Perhaps the ice will prove to be strong enough to hold only a single airplane at a time, and then the settlers would be picked up one by one at the end of the year.

That somewhere the ice is suitable for the landing of an airplane is believed probable. Members of the ice-breaker "Sadko's" crew tell of seeing vast fields of smooth packed ice when they attempted to get up to 82 degrees, near the North Pole.

But airplanes might spend days searching for such a field until they would run out of fuel. Moreover, appearances might deceive the pilots and even a scout might overestimate the resistance of the ice so that a landing the first time might be disastrous. But it is hoped that with a year to look for it the explorers will find a satisfactory landing place. Even if that is not possible, they will have enough food and all the necessary dog-teams and sleds and equipment to carry them to some half-way point where a rescue party could meet them. This is not nearly so difficult as a two-way journey by sled would be.

In other words the reason for using airplanes is not just spectacular. The flight prevents failure of the trip. That might otherwise be its fate because of exhaustion of the members. Much of time that would otherwise be taken by the trip both ways, and the many risks which ice travel brings.

But such an expedition can only be made after the most careful preparation. The point has been made that, scientifically at least, past trips to the North Pole have been useless bids for glory, and the Russians are planning to change all that. Robert Peary, for example, prepared for 25 years for his trip to the peak of the world in 1909. Yet he set out with dogs from the shores of Greenland, placed a flag at the North Pole, and returned with no real information.

Since then, nobody has reached the place by air, and the several expeditions by airplane have not ventured so far. In 1926, Richard Byrd flew from Kingsbay to Spitsbergen, reached the North Pole and went back. Half a week after the Norwegian scholar Amundsen made the trip by dirigible. In 1928, Nobile also went by dirigible and had an accident north of Spitsbergen that gave the Russians a chance to show their air supremacy. Soviet aviators saved them and they returned on Russian ships. More and more expeditions brought sun and less success.

To end all this, the Soviet Government is earnestly and systematically planning to make its raid on the North Pole more than a one-day stunt.

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Movies Depend On Cow's Taste For Mustard

"If cows didn't like mustard we wouldn't have any movies," Dr. C. E. K. Mees told a London audience at the Royal Institution the other day. If his hearers hadn't already known a little something about the chemistry of photography they might have had some difficulty in swallowing this surprising statement.

But there are many people today who take pictures who haven't the slightest idea what makes the shadows on the film and keeps them there. What makes the picture stay on the photographic plate or motion-picture film when it doesn't on a mirror? It is a mystery to many people because it is usually explained in scientific terms difficult for the average person to understand.

The gradual growth of the motion-picture from the photograph brings to light a long story of lucky accidents," Dr. Mees told his listeners. "One of the most necessary parts of the motion-picture is the photographic plate or film which many of us have from use in our own cameras. Well, this film is covered with a thin layer of gelatine—a jellylike substance—which contains billions of tiny grains of silver. This silver is mixed in with other chemicals and when it is exposed to the light it takes on an impression of the picture in front of the camera."

In other words, when a picture is taken the tiny grains of silver are exposed and darken as light strikes them. The more light falls on them the darker they become. When the aperture of the camera is opened, the image of what is to be photographed falls on the surface of the exposed film just as it would on the surface of a mirror. Suppose a picture of a face is being taken. More light is reflected from the lighter portions of that face than from the darker parts.

This means that on the film the lighter parts of the image cause the silver grains upon which the light falls to become darker than the grains upon which the darker portions of the image are exposed.

When the film is developed and the picture printed from it the process is reversed so that the dark parts on the film become light. The picture then becomes a duplicate of what the person taking the picture saw through the lens of the camera.

"The most important thing about the film we use is that the gelatine and silver compound which covers it is not pure," Dr. Mees continued. "The inventors of the gelatine process were successful only because they had no pure gelatine. The only gelatine they could buy had traces in it of sulphur. It is this sulphur that does the trick. Even the smallest amount of it makes the silver materials darken when exposed to the light. If there is no sulphur the silver will not darken and there is no photography."

What is the impure sulphur happen to be in the silver compounds? Dr. Mees and his co-workers in the Eastman laboratories found that it comes from the skins of cows and calves used to make the gelatine. Skins of other animals, such as rabbits, do not contain the necessary sulphur.

The real source of the sulphur in the cattle skins is the mustard on which cows from the outer mustard plant and only cows and calves are willing to eat this plant.

A cow eats 100 lbs. of mustard plants at one time. At a time. When the taste is sharp or but the rabbit doesn't eat it. A cow is like a mowing machine, it eats everything that comes its way.

And that is why cows and their calves are highly necessary for the growth of the motion-picture.

In the short time since he invention photography has made great strides. It may be said to move with speed up or slow down the march of time. It can detect forgeries very quickly or record the contents of stacks of newspapers so that they can be read, censored or erased word-for-word under a fresh layer of print.

Some cameras can take 2,000 pictures a second. A high-speed camera can show in detail the breaking of an electric light bulb, the striking of a match, or the dripping of water.

Dr. Mees explained that the modern telescope is really a giant camera and the astronomer is necessarily a photographer. The 100-inch telescope at the Mount Wilson observatory can photograph stars 15 to 20 times fainter than those seen with the naked eye.

At the other end of the scale pictures can be taken of microscopic bodies such as a disease germ which grows to huge strange or can show the life history of the tiny mosquito.

Plants are actually be seen growing by a photographic process which slows down the film so that it is exposed only every minute. This is then thrown through the ordinary film projector.

Most people are familiar with tiny snapshots but few have seen a life-size picture of a full-length figure. This is accomplished by magnifying the original small photographic plate. It is invaluable in taking X-ray pictures.

With the growth of the process many of its features have become simple. For instance, when photography was just beginning it was a tiresome job to find out the quality of the "emulsion" or developing fluid. A girl would measure each grain and classify them. It used to take her three months; today, with experience, a girl can do it in about three weeks.

Fifty years ago photography was a mystery to most people; today many boys and girls of high school age have chosen it for their hobby and they not only take pictures but also develope and print them themselves.

The Real Source of the Sulphur in Cattle Skins, Used for Gelatine, Is the Mustard Oil Which Comes From the Plant Which Only Cows and Calves Will Eat.

Clerk A Fugitive From An Astonishing Run Of Luck

When young Ludwig Seibel, of Vienna, entered the big department store, Gerngross, in Mariahilferstrasse, where he was a salesman, he had no inkling that from that moment on luck was going to pursue him, too ardently, in fact, as he found later on.

As Seibel entered the store at eight o'clock in the morning he saw a glittering object on the floor. He stooped to see what it was and beheld, in his great astonishment, an exquisite diamond brooch, worth, as he roughly estimated, a few thousand shillings. He dutifully took the jewel to the manager's office and went to his work. But the day which started so luckily had another surprise in store for him. After half an hour he was summoned to the office where he was thanked prettily by a woman of noble rank for having returned the brooch, which she said, was a prized family possession. As a token of her gratitude she gave Seibel 500 shillings, which was more than his monthly salary.

Next morning, as he walked over the Schwedenbrucke, a bridge spanning the Danube, Seibel saw that an elderly man, wrapped in thought, was just about to step from the pavement, unaware of the motor coming towards him at a great speed. With one jump Seibel caught him and saved him in the nick of time from being run over, but they rolled in the gutter, and Seibel's trousers suffered some slight damage. However, the old man more than compensated him by giving him, the man who had saved his life, all the money he had on him—2,000 shillings.

Next Morning Young Seibel, After His Unusual Luck, Saved an Elderly Man Who Was About to be Struck By An Auto and Won a Reward of 300 Shillings.

On the next day the drawing of the State Lottery took place. By ten o'clock in the morning Seibel already knew that his lottery ticket had drawn 5,000 shillings.

In the afternoon, just to test his amazing run of luck, Seibel went to the Christmas crossword puzzle drawing of the paper, Das Interessante Blatt. He was not greatly surprised to hear that he had won the first prize, a complete drawing-room suite, which he sold for 1,200 shillings there and then.

The lucky young man went in a daze next day. He could hardly realize that it was he, the obscure little salesman, on whom fickle Fortune was showering these unexpected blessings. He was afraid that the run of luck could not last long. To banish these troubling thoughts Seibel decided to go to the pictures and turned into the Rothenturm Kino. To his surprise, he was cheered by a laughing, shouting crowd, and the manager of the cinema presented him with a free ticket entitling two persons to visit every first show presented at the cinema in 1936. The explanation of this was that Seibel happened to be the ten-thousandth visitor to the new picture palace.

Nothing particular happened next day except that Vienna newspaper men ferreted out the fairy-tale-like run of luck which had befallen the poor shop assistant. They besieged the Gerngross store to interview and photograph Fortune's favorite. The attack of reporters and photographers increased next day to such an extent that the manager of the store decided to give a fortnight's holiday to the lucky Seibel.

Dizzy with happiness over this turn of affairs, Seibel went home to his little room in Wiffingerstrasse. He arrived just in time to receive the registered letter sent by the French Consul in Vienna, informing him that his mother's brother, Leopold Klinger, who had joined the Foreign Legion twenty-one years before, had died in Fez, and had left all his money to his nephew, Ludwig Seibel. This inheritance amounted to 16,000 francs.

Thus Seibel, who had been poor all his life, became a man of property in a few days and through this new wealth, showered so unexpectedly and continuously upon him, he also became quite a famous man in Vienna. Newspapers published articles on him, and reporters interviewed him. This, Seibel did not mind, for he rather liked feeling important, but he violently resented the attack of those who wanted their share of money from his new and unearned wealth. He could defend himself against the intrusion of strangers in his little room, but against the mail he was helpless. Hundreds of letters poured in daily, written by people in all walks of life whom Seibel had never seen before but who all wanted his financial help. He did not answer any of them; he even stopped opening them. He moved to another place and kept it a secret from everybody, but all this was of no avail.

It was not his money alone that made people scheme shrewdly to get near him; it was his reputation of being the luckiest man of the moment on whom Fortune seemed to smile. Desperate men, people who had tried to make good for years and failed, now pursued Seibel and begged for his money, for his partnership. And Vienna's luckiest man presently found that he was tired of fame and its attendant worries. He fled to Budapest. But, alas, fame continued to pursue him even here, and the interviews with him published in the papers were soon followed by an attack of begging letters similar to the ones which made him leave Vienna suddenly.

It seems that he is soon going to leave Budapest for the same reason. When asked about his plans, Seibel confessed he had none. He hoped that his lucky period would continue, but to his great regret nothing particular has happened to him yet in Hungary except the increasing attack of people asking for financial help, and this, Seibel complains, can hardly be compared to his amazing lucky break.

Naturally enough, there have been scores of women of all ages and degrees of attractiveness who have done their utmost to capture him. Most men would imagine it to be a very pleasant thing to have numbers of lovely ladies running after them. But young Ludwig would like the world to know that this is not so. On the contrary, he finds it most annoying.

They write him letters, on scented stationery, ardent, pleading letters. In glowing terms, they describe themselves, and tell about their accomplishments: how well they can cook, what good housewives they are, how devoted they would be, how much they love children. Some point out that they can sew and will be willing to make their own dresses, and also his shirts and pajamas. Others write of what good dancers they are, and how sweetly they can sing. Several have claimed to have excellent senses of humor, and have undertaken to demonstrate this claim with jokes.

None of this makes Ludwig laugh, however. In fact, life is getting more and more glum for him all the time. He has to keep himself barricaded in his hotel room, with strict orders that he is not to receive any telephone calls. Even at that, young ladies with excessive zeal occasionally slip by the vigilant porter and desk clerk and get up to the floor where he rooms. But a knock on the door, in such a case, is useless. He pays no attention unless the knock is promptly followed by the familiar voice of some employe of the hotel.

His meals are all sent up to him, and when he goes out at all it is usually late at night. Even then, he has to disguise himself or dodge out of a back entrance. So he really cannot see that his amazing run of luck is a blessing, and he is wondering where to go next.

Twins At 91, Still Look, Act And Talk Alike

The country's oldest twins, Mrs. Bertha Badenfeld and Mrs. Emma P. Krause, of Philadelphia, have just celebrated their ninety-first birthday.

These twins are older by four years than the twin brother and sister who celebrated their birthday this Fall in Middleburg, Ohio, believing that they were the oldest living twins in the United States.

The death in December, 1933, of Mrs. Jeannette Lauchheimer, of New York, and in the Summer of 1934 of her twin sister, Mrs. Henrietta Dannenbaum, of Philadelphia, put an end to the career at 99 and 100, respectively, of the then oldest twin sisters in the country. Both of them had come to Philadelphia from Bavaria at the age of nine.

The ninety-one-year-olds, Mrs. Badenfeld and Mrs. Krause, were born at Tylersport, near Schwenksville, Montgomery County, on November 20, 1844. They are the daughters of an Austrian Lutheran clergyman, the Rev. Engelbert Pixoto, who preached his sermons in German in the Pennsylvania German community.

Both sisters can say they have lived through the inaugurations of twenty-two of the United States' thirty-two Presidents, but neither one of them has ever voted at the polls, because they say they are not at all interested in politics. John Tyler was President when they were born.

Not only are these two women both exactly alike, but they think and talk exactly the same way. Both of them are jolly and laughing, but neither of them wants to live to be 100.

"We are glad to be going out instead of coming in," said Mrs. Krause. "When we were young, the world was peaceful and quiet. Now there is too much suicide and murder and gangsters and bullets, disgusting and disgraceful.

"I read that one person in ten is crazy, but I believe it is really one in five. I am sorry we do not still have the days when you knew when a body was dressed up, when a best dress had fringe and buttons and buckles and laces on it. Nowadays everybody dresses so plain you never know who is dressed up.

"I remember how worried my father was when my sisters and I put hoop skirts on. He thought they were too frivolous for a minister's daughters. Those were the days when a lady was not a lady if she exposed her ankle."

There were seven girls and four boys in the Pixoto family, but the four boys died in childhood, and seven of the girls lived to be past 70; the seventh died at the age of 96 in 1930. All the sisters died as widows. The twins are the only ones in the family left.

The twins married at 26 in 1870, they each had one child. Mrs. Badenfeld's husband died in 1888, and Mrs. Krause's mother never married again.

"Maybe there weren't any men rich enough," Mrs. Badenfeld said. "When she is young, a woman marries for love. But an older woman who marries a poor man is a fool."

The two sisters feel that life has been kind to them, and that they have had their full share of happiness. When they say they do not wish to live to be 100, they say it in a way that is convincing. In one respect, of course, they are more fortunate than most people who live to be past 90. They have each other to talk to, while most very old people have outlived all their contemporaries and have no one who remembers or understands the things that are most interesting to them. Even so, these aged twins have little to talk about—for what happens nowadays does not interest them, and as for what happened 50 or 75 years ago, they have discussed all that so much it has lost its zest.

Laws Reveal Incredible Cruelty To Animals

If you have ever shot and wounded pigeons, or kicked a horse in the stomach, or thrown a sick cat in the street, don't ever confess it to a judge or a jury.

For these three actions are only a small part of the cruelty-to-animals misdemeanors which make you subject to fines and jail sentences.

There's a long list of ways in which you can get yourself into trouble by mistreating animals, and it's good to know them.

Only the other day a man in New York was sentenced to a day in jail because he could not pay a five-dollar fine for leaving his German shepherd dog out all night in the cold.

And recently a man and his wife in St. Louis were fined twenty-five dollars and costs for confining their St. Bernard puppy in a closet in which their one-year-old son had been locked up "for safekeeping," while they went to search for jobs. They were punished for cruelty to animals because there is no Missouri statute which gives the same protection to a baby as it does to a puppy.

Different States have different laws, and in Pennsylvania, the New Yorker would not have been punished for leaving his shepherd dog outside, since this kind of dog thrives in cold weather. A Pennsylvanian, however, can be punished for leaving little dogs, like Boston terriers and fox terriers, outside without protection. Even such punishments are rare in the Keystone State, however, because the owner is usually warned first.

According to Frank McCreary, Superintendent of the Women's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Philadelphia, the most severe sentence on Pennsylvania records and one of the most drastic he ever heard of was imposed by Judge S. McCreavit in the Philadelphia courts two years ago. Judge McDevitt sentenced a man to $500 fine and three years in jail for renting horses from riding stables and abandoning them tied to trees in desolate locations. One of the horses was outside 48 hours and nearly froze to death.

The Pennsylvania law is one of the most comprehensive in the country. It provides that anyone who "shall wantonly or cruelly ill-treat, overload, beat, or otherwise abuse animals whether belonging to himself or otherwise shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor," and shall be fined for the first offense not less than $10 or more than $20 and for the subsequent not less than $20 or more than $50. In default of payment, one stays in jail—30 days for default on the $10 fine.

Also, if the case is not decided by a magistrate, but held over for court, the culprit may be fined not more than $200 or imprisoned for not more than one year, or both, at the discretion of the court.

For poisoning or maiming a domestic animal, the penalty is a "fine not exceeding $500 and imprisonment by reparate or solitary confinement at labor not exceeding three years, or either or both, at the discretion of the court."

Just now there is a very unusual case pending in Scranton, Pennsylvania, against a fish dealer who conducts fish fights with his tropical fish. Fish and seek fights are against the law and the court has not yet decided how much punishment to give the fish-fight promoter. Over in Berlin, Germany, a court recently decided that it is cruel to stab a fish with a knife.

Frank McCreary of the S.P.C.A. in Philadelphia, said it was very often extremely difficult to obtain a conviction in cases of cruelty to fish because somebody always comes along and asserts that they don't suffer any pain. The society lost two fish fights. One was an attempt to prevent restaurateurs from boiling lobsters and crabs while they were still alive, and the other was to prevent restaurateurs from putting a wooden plug in a lobster's claw.

The plug is put there to prevent the lobster from rubbing a leg or a claw off a fellow lobster, which would rob the customers of the pleasure of having the most delectable part of the lobster served piping hot.

The cruelties for which Pennsylvania men and women have paid fines or gone to jail range all the way from keeping a mother dog from her pups thirty days in jail was the penalty—to needlessly killing a cat with a pitcher"—the penalty was five days in jail, in spite of political influence.

Other common ones consist of throwing a kitten in the garbage can and putting the lid on ($10 fine); stabbing a pig in the stomach ($10 fine); kicking a horse in the stomach ($10 fine); neglecting to care for an injured dog (10 days in jail); plucking feathers from a chicken while still alive ($5 fine); throwing a sick cat in the street ($10 fine); shooting and wounding pigeons ($10 fine); handling chickens in such a cruel manner that three of them suffered broken legs (60 days in jail); striking a horse on the head with a shovel (several days in jail and $10 fine); attempting to housebreak a puppy by tying a tin lid to its tail ($20 fine, later remitted); cutting a disobedient dog's head off with an axe ($10 fine); running a horse into a cement wall (30 days in jail); and abandoning mules in a severe storm ($10 fine).

There are always a number of cases of horses left standing in the cold without a blanket. One banana huckster spent ten days in jail recently for abusing and overloading his horse.

The law limits the working hours of a "horse, mule, mare, ox, or any other animal to 15 hours in any 24-hour period or not more than 90 hours in any week."

In St. Louis the Law Penalized a Couple for Locking Up a Dog. There Was No Law to Punish Them for Having Locked a Child in the Same Dark Closet.

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Romance in Zululand

Step by Step in Photographs of Chief N'Cobe's Wooing and Wedding of Wife No. 2

Big Chief N'Cobe and the Beautiful Matobi, Who Is to Be His Second Wife. They Look Just as Silly as the Bridal Portraits That Usually Hang Over the American Mantelpiece.

Matobi's Papa Is Asking Some Embarrassing Questions About Finances. He Says His Daughter Is Worth Fifty Cows If N'Cobe Really Wants Her.

Wife Number One Suspects the Worst.

Everything Being Arranged, N'Cobe's "Boat Men" Bring the "News" to His First Wife That He's Going to Take Another.

Part of the Wedding Ceremony Is Giving the Sacrificial Ox the Run Around Until in Frenzy the New Wife Leaps on Top of It.

The Party Is Getting Wild and N'Cobe Is Getting "Plastered" on Native Beer. He Is Taunting a Zulu Who Didn't Have Enough Cows to Marry Matobi.

CAPE TOWN, Feb. 19.

WEDDINGS tend to be alike everywhere because their purpose is always the same. N'Cobe, the Zulu chieftain whose second marriage is described by the pictures on this page, is as much like an American bridegroom that he looks like a parody of one. In fact, most marriage customs in Zululand only seem slightly exaggerated.

These primitive people in southeastern Africa go through all the equivalents of courting, love-letter writing, social calling and going to dances. Finally the Zulu goes to the girl's father to ask for her hand and to answer the usual embarrassing questions about finances. He has friends who give his other girl the bad news, and then he is free to hold a wedding dance and banquet from which he staggers to the nuptial bed at dawn.

N'Cobe, shown in the first picture, is a back-slapper and scout; probably belong to a fraternal organization in this country. He is already married, but Zulus are privileged to take more wives if they can afford it. Next to him is Matobi, the most beautiful girl of the tribe. She looks like a flapper and is wearing a hat like one of this year's queer models, with a "come hither" heron plume sticking out of it. She will be even more like a flapper once she is married, for then she is entitled to wear a short skin petticoat which does not even reach her knees.

The chieftain is dressed like a trapper with strips of leopard fur around his waist and a jaunty leopard hat worn only by head men. He looks something like old Daniel Boone. Being a man of action, he no sooner decides he can afford a new wife than he goes to see Matobi's father to get his consent. This, too, is an old African custom. The second picture shows this scene. The father is flattered that the chief should want his daughter, but he doesn't admit it. Instead, he murmurs about another young eligible who has been receiving head-letters from his daughter.

N'Cobe knows this is just bluff because the girl has smiled only at him, and in fact they are completely in love. But he humors the old man and finally they come to an agreement. The greedy father asks for fifty cows in exchange for his permission, but since he's not exactly a pauper himself, he finally accepts thirty. Zulu girls are pleased if they cost a man a lot, even though it may mean skimping later on; for only a down payment is necessary and the rest may be paid in installments.

By custom, N'Cobe must now officially let his first wife know about the "other woman." His best friends, equivalent to our "best man," in multiple go to his wife and tell her—only it isn't news, because she was expecting it. In the next picture you can see the special delivery of the message.

The wedding is formal at first. All the young blonde scene wearing "tails," except that these are ostrich tails of a uniform color for the tribe. The grown-up girls are stately yet graceful figures as they approach the chief's kraal with the bride hidden among them. They sing their first songs in front of the big hut and dance slowly back and forth. Then the bridegroom's party follows and the dance becomes more violent. Confusion follows and everybody tries to make the most noise. The way one does on New Year's Eve.

Everything is done in an extreme way. The dancing is frenzied, and the Zulus cause the earth to tremble with the stamp of their feet as if it were a natural portion of wearing a few beads, the bride is practically dressed to them. Instead of having her hair beautifully trimmed, she has it all cut off except for a little tuft at the top of her head. The climax, instead of consisting of pinning the bride in whispers, come right out with it, and tell what they think to her face, with no hard feelings later, for custom demands it.

"Her husband's relatives tell her he was cheated when he bought her, and that she isn't worth half the number of cows he paid. Her own friends, however, extravagantly praise her beauty and say that it cannot be measured by cows.

From then on the wedding turns into a duel of the sexes. The "ox of the girl" is presented by the bridegroom. The assegai, the short stabbing weapon of Zulus, wielded by the best of N'Cobe's warriors, is plunged into the heart of the animal. The girls sing: "Do not die, beast of my father's child," for if the ox is not killed by the first blow, the weapon goes to them in forfeit. The husband's father must cover up all the wounds with money which the bride gets.

Bridegroom and Bride Stagger Off to the Bridal Chamber.

And the Last Guest Is Down and Out With the "Bottle" Still at His Lips.

The girls led by the dusky Matobi dance around the ox, faster and faster in loops, beating their feet more and more wildly until at last with shrieks they leap onto the ox. The rite, shown on this page, is important in the wedding, some explorers say it is a hang-over from days when human sacrifice was made. In some parts of Africa a live beast is still used and trampled to death.

Then the bride is put on the husband's kraal, and the groom must pour the gall of the newly killed animal over her to make the wedding legal. The girls try to prevent the gall-pouring by barricading the door and sitting in front of it, while the groom's attendants storm it.

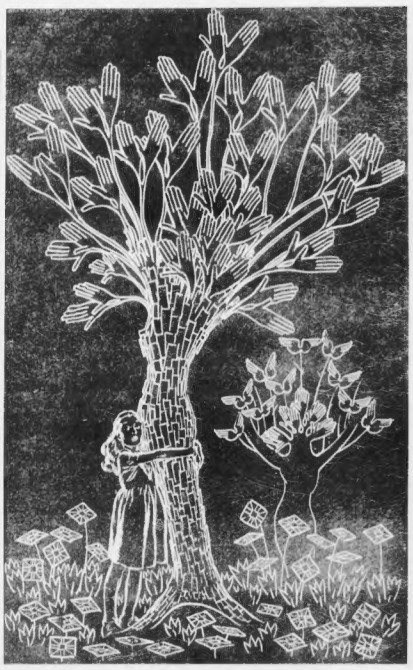
Zulu rearriages last from one or two in the afternoon to sunset, when the eating and drinking begins. Everybody gets drunk on immense quantities of native beer. Late in the night the party gets wild and another noisy dance is given by the young people when the guests are exhausted, one by one they reel off to their own kraals. The last three pictures deal with this wind-up. N'Cobe has had all he can stand and is able to keep on his feet only by swaying back and forth, yet Matobi cheerfully hands him another bottle, while he taunts a Zulu who didn't have enough cows to marry her.

Soon after, as can be seen, she is dragging her husband to the bridal chamber, while in the last picture the last remaining guest has passed out with the enormous "bottle" still at his lips. He or the Zulu equivalent of being under the table because Zulus have no tables. From start to finish, most marriages are primitive affairs.

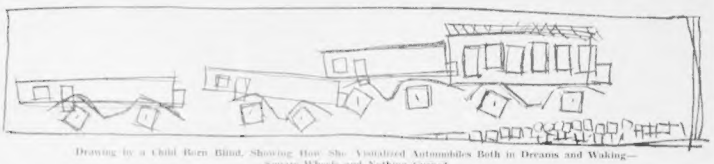
What Blind People See in Their Dreams

Fantastic Visions That Bear No Resemblance to Reality of Those Blind From Birth, and Strange Transformations of Familiar Scenes and Objects by Those Who Lose Their Sight

Images in the Dreams of Those Who Never Saw Are Largely Made Up of Impressions Gained Through the Hands or Fingertips, Which Are the Eyes of the Blind. The Violinist Shown Here Is Learning a New Score Through Touch and Can Have No Conception of What an Ordinary Sheet of Music Looks Like.



How a Little Girl Born Blind Saw Trees in Her Dreams—Round Trunks, Like Human Beings, and Branches Like Arms Terminating in Clapping Hands, While All Flowers Were Square.



Drawing by a Child Born Blind, Showing How She Visualized Automobiles Both in Dreams and Waking—Square Wheels and Nothing Curved.

LONDON, March 1.

A STUDY of what blind people see in their dreams has been made at St. Dunstan's School and Home for the Blind at Regent's Park, and the results are somewhat startling.

At night be expected those who have recently lost their sight continue for some time to dream as they had formerly done, but after a while the visions that constantly traverse into their dreams are different. Gradually they become less and less vivid, as sight is lost, until one is first puzzled, then annoyed, and finally frightened by the way others treat him in his dreams. At last he realizes that everyone thinks he is blind, but he refuses to say so. Later the scene is changed, and he is in a strange country, where he is the only one who is blind. Everyone seems to notice it but himself, and he is constantly being asked why he does not do this or that and refuses to do it. Then he is in a photographic establishment, and such odd, unaccountable circumstances as darkness and concentration, both of which he had never before experienced, occur to him.

Most interesting of all are the dreams of those who have been blind from birth. They, too, dream of seeing, but such dreams are based on their interpretation of what seeing or sight must be, and are therefore entirely different from the real thing that they have the greatest difficulty in describing. They talk glibly about "colors" and "the sense of color," but they have no conception of the two. Especially amusing are those who, by rubbing a hand over their eyes to the wrinkle, try to tell whether it is fine or not. One girl who loved green and could recognize it, in her dream was told she became quite or not gained her sight and when she was able to really see colors for the first time hated green. Yet most of these dreams of colors thought to mean that all the people seem red or there have been a different feeling of difference in collective sense.

When a person born blind gazes for the first time at the sky he is said to be confused sometimes for years afterward. One girl who loved green and could recognize it, in her dream was told she became quite or not gained her sight and when she was able to really see colors for the first time hated green. Yet most of these dreams of colors thought to mean that all the people seem red or there have been a different feeling of difference in collective sense.

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In His Dreams a Patient of St. Dunstan's, Who Lost His Sight, Could See Reflections in a Mirror of People Who Seemed to Be With Him, but Nightmarishly Could Not See Himself—a Subconscious Recognition of His Sightlessness.

Another Blind Child in Her Dreams Always Saw a Piano as a Big Mouth With Teeth, as Shown by Her Drawing.

Those Long Blind, but Not Born So, Were Found to Have Lost in Their Dreams All Sense of Perspective and Distance, a Person Far Away Being the Same Size as Those Close By, and Their Faces "Seen" by a Shadowy Extension of the Arm Able to Reach Out Over Many Feet. In Upper Left-Hand Corner Is Box This Same Scene Would Appear to One With Sight.

Strange Case of Mrs. Harvey and Her Convict Double

A Respectable Texas Housewife, Jailed for Passing Bad Checks, Protests She Is the Victim of Nature's Trick of Making Total Strangers Look Alike---But the Authorities Won't Believe Her Even Though the Other Woman Has Confessed

Afraid of Assassins, Old Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria (Right) Took Advantage of His Likeness to Eugene Kettre (Left) and Hired Him to Double for Him at Public Functions That Might Be Dangerous.

Mrs. Harvey, at the Left, and Mrs. Bell, at the Right, Showing the Remarkable Resemblance Between the Two.

Here, at the Left, Is Mrs. Billee Bell, Arkansas Convict, Who Has Confessed to the Forgeries for Which Mrs. Harvey, at the Right, Was Convicted After Fifteen Victimized Merchants Had Positively Identified Mrs. Harvey as the Bogus Check Passer.

One of the Bogus Checks.

Harblean Kramer Had a Plastic Surgeon Tilt Her Nose So Her Sweetheart Wouldn't Again Kiss Her Twin Sister, Ivadell, by Mistake, and a Law Compelling a Convict With an Innocent "Double" to Have a Similar Operation for the Protection of the Innocent Person Has Been Suggested.

MRS. NELLE HARVEY, a woman of previously blameless reputation, had the harrowing experience of hearing fifteen merchants in various parts of Texas identify her positively as the woman who had passed bogus checks on them. Four terms in succession convicted her of four of those crimes, she was in jail waiting to serve a nine-year penitentiary sentence, and eleven more sans against her were pending when miraculously Mrs. Billee Bell, a convict in an Arkansas prison, confessed that she had done it all.

There was the perfect O. Henry, happy, surprise ending, with vindication and explanations complete in the last sentence. However, this short story was not fiction, but reality fact—and Fate also insists on adding another chapter to the finished story, inserting the whole thing up and leaving it back in a state of misery that is even worse than before. What will the final ending be?

Mistaken identity is an old stuff of fiction plot but for a fiction writer to get a decent, law-abiding woman into jail he usually thinks it necessary to have for consummated deceptive impersonation sort of innocent blunder that could be easily overcome. And Mrs. Harvey, wife of retired C. Harvey, formerly prosperous oil man of Wichita Falls, Texas, smugly presided that starter.

On a visit to Dallas some time ago, our pal Kirk Marshall, a convict who has most convicts, was out on parole. Perhaps because Marshall was from her own home and because he knew or claimed to know her brother, she was moved to be kind to him and invite him out to tea. It was something of a coincidence for them to happen in any convict's life that just those two people of Wichita Falls had served time, so that they wanted Marshall and they "pollared" him just as he was urging her leaving.

Hearing a reminder on the side walk Mrs. Harvey turned and met face to face, in full view, the woman who resembled her closer than a twin sister. Her pause was hypnotic—for that fact still into a full yet very natural error. Learning that the second convict was calling on a woman who was also from Wichita Falls they thought they had better send her back with him.

Below the world over, know that crooks, except the intervals when they stay at home disguised as honest folk, usually visit other crooks. Mrs. Harvey was no exception for they had no way of knowing it. After Marshall and Mrs. Harvey had been taken to Wichita Falls, the detective who was wanted the paroled convict, satisfied himself that the man had nothing to do with the "job" he was investigating. Mrs. Harvey he had never waited and now he let them both go. In the meantime the convict and the woman wrongly supposed to be his "pull" had been put through the regular routine of being "mugged," fingerprinted and their Bertillion measurements taken.

It has never been made quite clear why Mrs. Harvey did not force the police of her own town to destroy these records, as was her right, if there were no charges against her. But there they remained as an invitation for the sheriff, H. P. Williams, of Vernon, some sixty miles away, to come in and trip over them.

Like many another officer of the law he was being asked why he didn't do something about a lady who was driving about the great State of Texas, swapping forged checks, purporting to be drawn by the Marathon Oil Co., in exchange for a little merchandise and considerable cash. One Orrin Quintus Johnson had given the sheriff quite a complete description of this pernicious woman who had stuck him for about $30 worth of jewelry and cash.

The sheriff looked over the Wichita Falls "rogues' gallery and thought Mrs. Harvey filled the bill. Bringing her picture back, the victim thought so too, and when he saw her became positive. Mrs. Harvey called it a joke until other officials were equally positive. Then she ran to her lifelong friend and neighbor, Attorney J. Earle Kuntze, who could not believe his ears when she told him what had happened.

If one of ever two score bad members, tilted his chair, that might have been understandable, but fifteen could go wrong and no heard that there were thirty merchants willfooled while it just a nightmare. It was so preposterous that surely the mistake would be cleared up soon, he assured her. Therefore when he noticed efforts by the prosecution in the first three cases which to was confident would win him a reversal on appeal, he put in no defense except a general one which partly accounted for the first three convictions.

The fourth was a different matter. The errors had been corrected and now the defense fought with every weapon at the command. They put twenty-seven friends and neighbors on the stand who testified that Mrs. Harvey had been at home many miles away from the scene of the check passing when it occurred. Yet in the face of this seemingly irresistible alibi, they were stunned by a fourth conviction.

This might be a legal nightmare, but it grew worse and worse, and there was no awakening in sight. They appealed to Governor Ma. Allred but could show him no motive nor evidence to warrant a deal—only conspiracy as would explain all these people combining to put an innocent woman in prison. However he had a State Ranger investigate some of the men who had identified Mrs. Harvey. They were all respected men whose standing was said and they had studied the woman's face carefully before taking a chance on her honesty, and were not likely to forget it. There was no excuse for the Governor to intervene.

There was Mrs. Harvey in jail and in despair, while her exhausted attorney was at the end of his legal rope. It was one of those "darkest moments" when sudden salvation is most dramatic and that is exactly when it came. The worry-out Kuntze picked up a magazine to rest his mind while the other members of the legal firm, Sam R. Spence, plodded at his desk. After a while Spence heard his partner say in a choking voice:

"Look."

Mr. Kuntze's eyes were popping and sweat was running down his face as if he had awakened from a nightmare but it was a triumphant face. In a shaking hand he was holding a magazine of detective stories and Spence saw what seemed to be a picture of their client, with words which at first he did not read carefully, about passing forged checks. He was not surprised because this case was stranger than fiction but he could not see that its being printed would help the woman's plight or harm her.

Then he too became pop-eyed. This was not their client at all but an entirely different woman, Mrs. Billee Bell, a thief and the wife of a professional criminal, three times convicted and at that moment back in prison for some violation of his latest parole. The Bell woman had been cashing worthless checks around Beaumont, Texas and in Arkansas. The Beaumont authorities had tracked the lady down and it now happened that she was being sheltered under the same roof as her husband, but in the women's wing of the prison. The lawyers were especially delighted to read that when arrested Billee had in her possession 200 blank checks of the Marathon Company.

Kuntze lost no time in sending in his card to Mrs. Bell at Arkansas' "big house" and, not having been paroled yet, the lady was at home. Fortunately the Beaumont detectives had done their work thoroughly. Mrs. Bell knew so many "jobs" could be pinned on her that she might as well confess those which had been mistakenly blamed on her double, the unfortunate Mrs. Harvey. Promptly the wheels of justice went into reverse, opening the jail doors for the oil man's wife, who returned to her home, apparently cleared of every suspicion of wrong-doing.

That is where the narrative of Mrs. Harvey's nightmare in waking life should have ended, leaving to the reader's imagination the dumbfounded juries, prosecutors, complainants and witnesses. There was no need of mentioning the triumphant "I told you so" voices. For instance, there was George Rohlfing, merchant of Electra, who had said that Mrs. Harvey looked, talked and seemed in every way like the woman who had bamboozled him, and yet somehow there was a subtle difference which made him refuse to identify her.

John C. Patterson, Falls County District Attorney, after building up what he considered a perfect case against Mrs. Harvey, nevertheless had an intuitive feeling that she was convicting the wrong person. He not only refused to try to get her indicted to exonerate her.

Then into these needless postscripts crept the first suspicion of a new mystery thread. The men who had gone wrong so woefully looked at pictures of the two women printed in their local papers, admitted that they seemed much alike and shook their heads ruefully. But as they said they began to wonder again. They learned that Mrs. Harvey is forty-five years old, though looking much younger and that Mrs. Bell is only twenty-nine, though looking much older. It seemed strange but it was possible. What puzzled them more was that Mrs. Bell weighs two hundred and thirty-seven pounds, while her younger double weighs only one hundred and sixty. Their wives looked at them with contempt. Could they be so blind as not to notice a shortage of 77 pounds in a woman's figure?

Well, come to think of it, most of them had not seen the lady swindler's figure because she sat in the car conversing through the open top of the door. Rohlfing was one of the few who had seen the woman standing in the floor of a store where he had a chance to view her figure. Still, 77 pounds is more than a subtle difference.

Mrs. Bell was asked to tell every little detail that happened while she was dealing with the various victims who had mistaken Mrs. Harvey for herself. Some of her accounts checked accurately with the statements of the victims made at the time but in others they did not fit at all. She had only the haziest and most inaccurate recollection of the jewelry she was supposed to have obtained from Quintus Johnson, nor could she tell what she had done with it.

The authorities took Billee to Marlin, Texas, and issued invitations to four of the victims, including Quintus, to come and have a reunion with Billee at the jail. They accepted as eagerly as if she had been their long-lost love but, to everyone's disappointment, including the weary lady herself, they said she was not the one who had done them wrong.

The witnesses who had identified Mrs. Harvey at her trial in Coleman, Texas, were unable to identify Mrs. Bell. District Attorney Owens of Vernon decided not only not to ask clemency on Mrs. Harvey's behalf, but to go ahead with other cases pending. District Attorney A. O. Neesman, of Coleman, let it be known that C. G. McGraw, handwriting expert of the State Police Safety Department, had identified Mrs. Harvey's writing on the endorsement of one of the checks which Mrs. Bell says she passed before she had ever seen or heard of her double. Also it was pointed out that the flow of more than fifty bogus Marathon checks issued with the arrest of Mrs. Harvey, though Mrs. Bell admitted all liberty for several months. Altogether it would be hard to imagine a case more confused and mysterious than it has become again.

Their power to confuse and mystify makes doubles valuable in other walks besides stage and screen. The late King Leopold of Belgium had a double who always confessed when anyone accused His Majesty of being in a compromising situation. Old Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria-Hungary kept his double, Eugene Kettre, on the payroll at a big salary. Eugene earned it because it was his duty to precede the Emperor whenever it was feared that bomb throwers were waiting for him.

Identical twins often have a lot of fun confusing people, but when Miss Harblean Kramer, of Broadway, burst into a room one day and surprised her sweetheart kissing her twin sister, Ivadell, by mistake, she decided it was time to put a stop to such fun. What she did was visit a plastic surgeon and have her nose tilted so her sweetheart would not make the same error again. And now it has been suggested that a convict with an innocent "double" ought to be compelled by law to undergo a similar operation.

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My compliments on your very good taste, sir

A pleasing taste and aroma
. . . you'll like it!
Milder . . . refreshingly milder
. . . never flat.

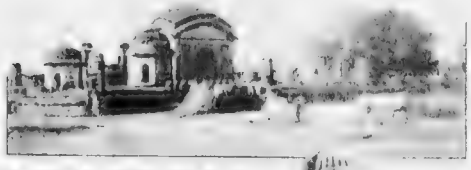
When smokers find out the good things Chesterfields give them . . .

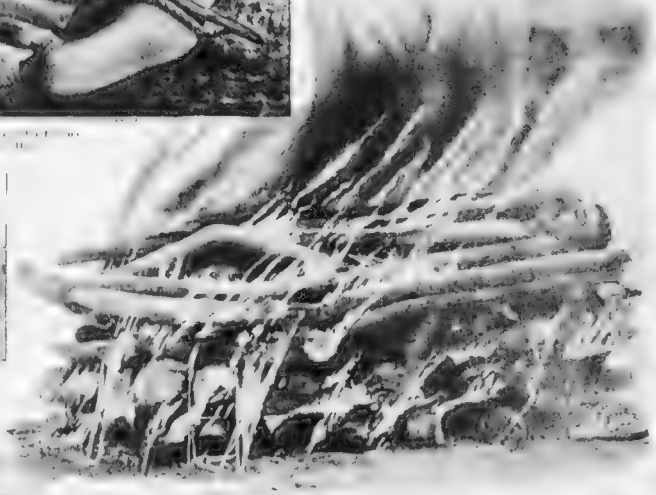
nothing else will do

T M W C B F T D

Prince Ramendra of Bhowal Put on the Funeral Pyre, Rain Quenches Flames and Revives Him, Wanders for Years Without Memory, Proves His Identity by a Three-Year Trial and Recovers His Royal Fortune

K





A Hindu Funeral Pyre in Northern India, Such as That on Which Prince [illegible] Was Placed When It Was Thought That He Was Dead, and Which Was Extinguished Before They Could Reach His Body. Above, the Prince Today, After His Twenty Years' Wanderings, [illegible]

GET OUT OF THE "ALL THREE" CLASS

THIS GREAT BIG NASH

NOW ONLY

A FEW DOLLARS MORE

THOUSANDS CHANGING TO NASH AS THEY FIND THEY CAN OWN A MUCH BIGGER CAR FOR THEIR MONEY!

● Now Nash ... much bigger ... be! Invest ... catch-motors ... car ... Now nobody ... with a "small ... Tal-ya-tee ... inch wheel ... than any of them ... Sedan sells for ... more than the ... three. "Dual ... *dif-fer-en-tial in pro-!*"

The Nash Ar... you shift ... Ignition," ... wheelbase ... paced as much ... Nash Ambas... wonderful ... of wire-flex ... power "Lower ...

And the N... scientific ... type of seat ... independent ... ing for a year ... in the high ...

Ever ... body ... wonder, ... chair, ... big, ... anyder... your money ...

1937 X-RAY SYSTEM NOW ...

The ... av... Turns ... Reve... corrosion ... Seat ... Bow...

THE AMBASSADOR SIX IS AS BIG AS CARS COSTING $100 TO $400 MORE!

THE AMBASSADOR EIGHT... AS BIG AS CARS COSTING $100 TO $300 MORE!

NASH GIVES YOU MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

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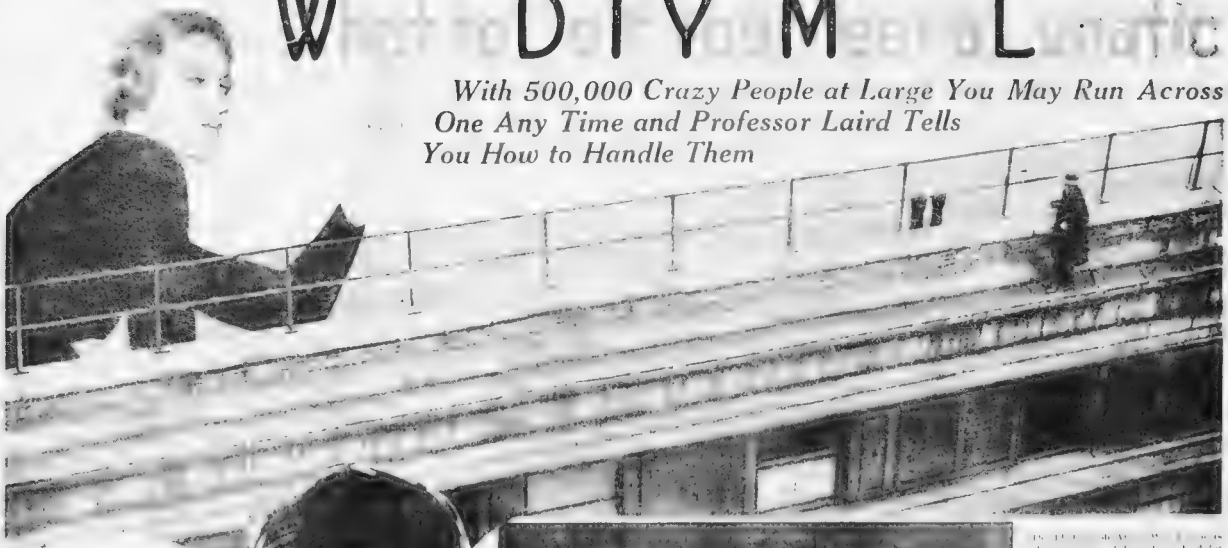
With 500,000 Crazy People at Large You May Run Across One Any Time and Professor Laird Tells You How to Handle Them



1937 "SUPER-DUTY" FRIGIDAIRE

WITH THE METER-MISER

Cuts Current Cost Amazingly!

Proves THRILLING ADVANCE IN *ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES* FOR COMPLETE HOME REFRIGERATION!

PROOF 1

GREATER ICE-ABILITY

PROOF 2

GREATER STORAGE-ABILITY

New 9-Way Adjustable Interior

PROOF 3

GREATER PROTECT-ABILITY

Keeps Food Safer, Fresher, Longer!

PROOF 4

GREATER DEPEND-ABILITY

Five-Year Protection Plan

PROOF 5

GREATER SAVE-ABILITY

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS THE *Meter-Miser*

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE

Buy only on Proof of Super-Duty!

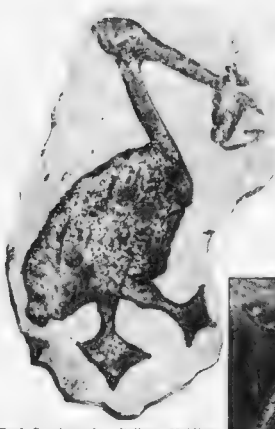
FRIGIDAIRE

The Inconspicuous Nurse by Curtis B. Leland

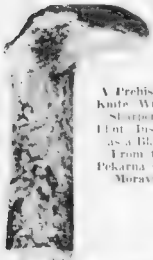
A

S F E O C N

Discoveries Show Mr. and Mrs. Skinclothes Were a Kindly Couple, Loved Their Children, Took Care of the Old Folks and Led a Respectable Family Life in the Gloomy Cave



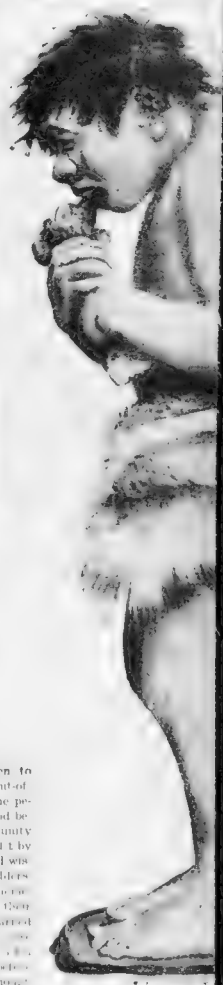
Rock-Carving of a Pelican Holding an Unidentified Creature in Its Bill, Drawn by a South American Artist of the Stone Age.



A Prehistoric Knife With a Sharpened Flint Inserted as a Blade From the Pekarna Cave, Moravia.

Drawing Carved on a Bison's Rib by an Artist Who Lived 30,000 Years or More Ago, Showing the Animals Fighting. This Picture Is Two-Thirds the Natural Size.

Scene in Front of a Home of a Cave-man of the Neanderthal Race. Older, More Primitive and More Savage Than the Cro-Magnon Race. From Reconstruction Painting by Charles R. Knight in the American Museum of Natural History, New York



A Cave-man of 30,000 to 50,000 Had No Table Manners, Esthetic Sense Was an and Not At All the He Beaute Savage He W Be. From Reconstruction Museum of Natur Chicago.

BY PROF. HAROLD O. WHITNALL

Head of the Department of Geology and Geography Colgate University

"N

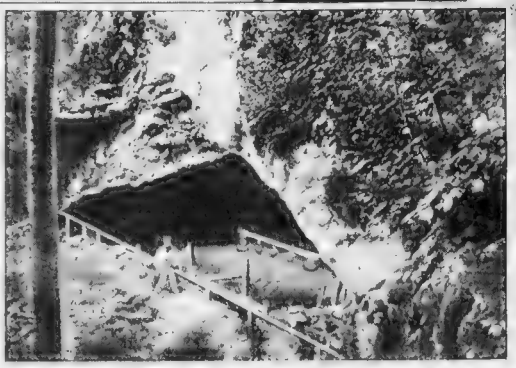
A W N C B

Prof. Whitnall, of Colgate University, Explains the Noble Art, the Culture and Religious Ideas of Cro-Magnon Man of 50,000 Years Ago That Show His Superiority to Modern Savages

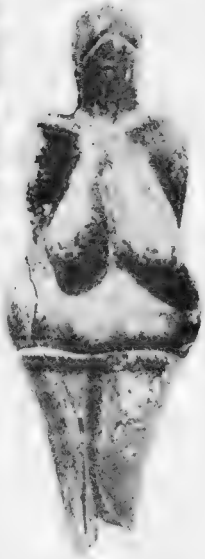
Kneeling Figure at a Grave, From a Rock-Drawing Indicating Mourning Customs of Ancient Man.

Cave-man Hunter and Party Proudly Bring Home to the Cave the Carcass of a Bear They Had Killed. From the Painting, "The Age of Stone," by J. Cormon.

From a Cave-woman's Idea of "Table." An Ivory Tablet Box for Red Chalk. Found in a Cave in Moravia.



The Entrance to the Pekarna Cave, Which Yielded the Most Important Paleolithic Relics in Moravia. This Was the Home of the Reindeer and Mammoth Hunters, and Every Square Yard Was Carefully Marked Off and Every Ounce of the Soil Sifted and Examined



Interesting Statuette, Front View, of the Ancient Venus of the Cave, Showing the Face less Head and Exaggerated Breasts and Hips. This Remarkable Old Bit of Sculpture Was Made of Powdered Bone Mixed With Clay

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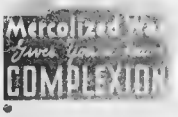
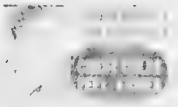
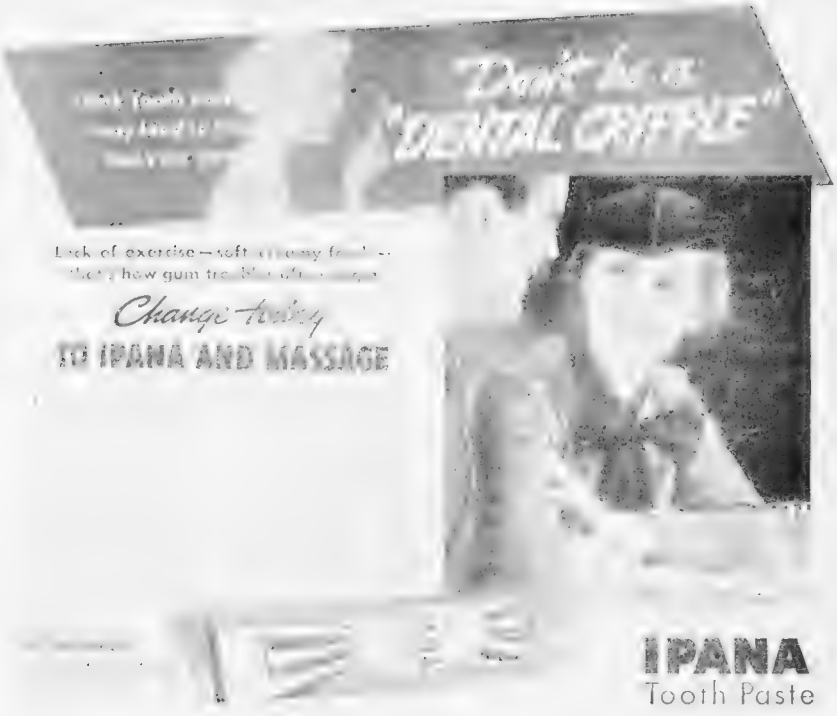

Mercolized Wax
Gives You a Fine
COMPLEXION



MAKE LIPS
WITH JUNGLE

SAVAGE
FOR
ITCHING

COLOR YOUR HAIR


"Dark Spots"
"DENTAL CAVITIES"
Lack of exercise—soft creamy foods—
that's how gum trouble often begins
Change today
TO IPANA AND MASSAGE
IPANA
Tooth Paste

THE CHOICE IS CHEVROLET

in all things and especially in these two major features

ENGINE and BRAKES

CHEVROLET'S NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE

85 Horsepower and Peak Economy

CHEVROLET'S PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES

Smoothest, most dependable, straight-line stops

NEW ALL-SILENT, ALL-STEEL BODIES
with Solid-Steel Turret-Top and other Construction

Wider, roomier, more luxurious and the first all-steel bodies combining silence with safety.

NEW DIAMOND CROWN SPEEDLINE STYLING

Making this new 1937 Chevrolet the smartest and most distinctive of all low-priced cars.

IMPROVED GLIDING KNEE-ACTION RIDE*
at no extra cost

Proved by more than two million Knee-Action users to be the world's safest, smoothest ride.

Only Chevrolet brings you these two great advantages at low prices

...advanced type, ...ce-price field that ...

...Chevrolet! That's what ... you can ... with them when you see and drive this beautiful car. Your Chevrolet dealer will be glad to give you a thorough demonstration today.

THE ONLY COMPLETE CAR—PRICED SO LOW

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND
(at no extra cost)

The finest quality, clearest-vision safety plate glass, included as standard equipment.

GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION

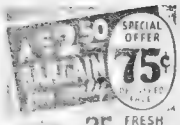
Eliminating drafts, smoke, windshield clouding—promoting health, comfort, safety.

SUPER-SAFE SHOCKPROOF STEERING*
(at no extra cost)

Steering so true and vibrationless that driving is almost effortless.

The Complete Car - Completely New

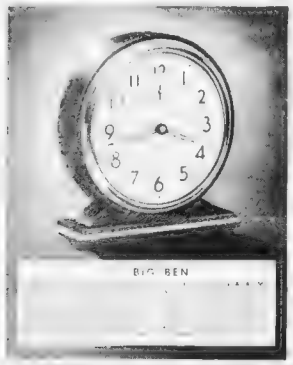
NEW CHEVROLET 1937



25 FRESH HAND MADE CIGARS

ROUND TRIP 170

WITH JOBS AT STAKE—
millions trust only Big Ben!



He Wakes You *Surely*—Keeps Time Better—Lasts Much Longer—Because of 3 Exclusive Features

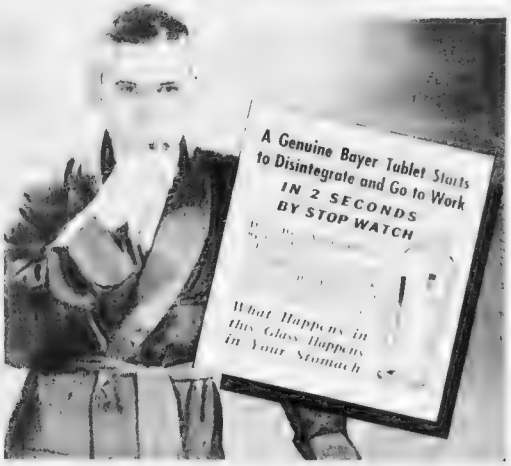
WESTCLOX

WESTCLOX ELECTRICS ARE AS RELIABLE AS BIG BEN AND AS REASONABLY PRICED

HE took care of his face but—

TRY THIS TREATMENT

DO THIS
when you wake up with a Headache


A Genuine Bayer Tablet Starts to Disintegrate and Go to Work IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH
What Happens in this Glass Happens in Your Stomach

Enjoy Relief Before You've Finished Dressing

15¢ FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c
VIRTUALLY 1c A TABLET

LOOK FOR THE BAYER CROSS

FREE! Special 25¢ Bottle DRENE

WITH 35¢ Italian Balm

While The Supply Lasts

Available only at toilet goods counters in the U. S.

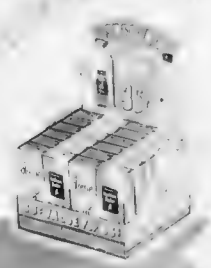
CAMPANA'S AMAZING *Gift Offer!*

Limited Supply So Act Quickly!

Nothing Like Italian Balm on World Market Today

Try DRENE *Shampoo*

Makes Hair Shine Like Silver

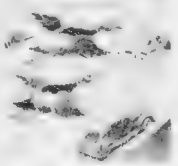


Two Products For Price of Only ONE!

HURRY! The supply of these specially priced 2-Product Packages is LIMITED—not more than one package to 250 families, on the average, have been made. Once sold—there'll be no more!

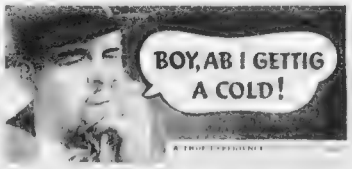
Science Finds Evidence Our Cave-Man Ancestor Was Not a Brute

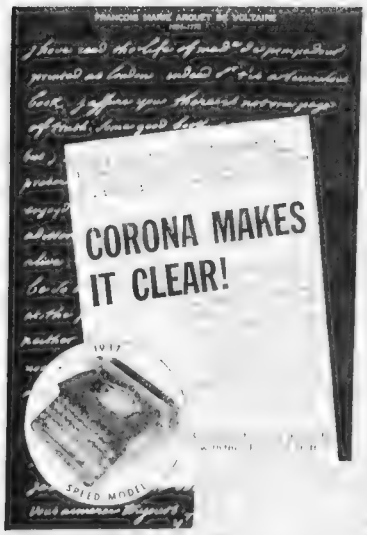
The Inconspicuous Nurse *By Curtis B. Leland*



Sani-Flush

KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN





YOU'LL LIKE ENO the pleasant tasting

YOU NEED NEVER HAVE CORNS AGAIN!

New Triple-Action Method Instantly relieves pain—Safely Removes Corn—Prevents Recurrence—or money back!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

EVERY DROP—WITH ITS VITAMIN D—DOES CHAPPED SKIN

MORE GOOD!

NOW VITAMIN D MAKES FAMOUS HAND LOTION BETTER THAN EVER FOR YOUR SKIN!

DAILY RADIO TREAT

FALSE TEETH AND REMOVABLE BRIDGES CLEANED AND PURIFIED!

NO BRUSHING... new way is best

POLIDENT

APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

IS QUICKER-ACTING... NOT WATERY!

(Continued on Page 75)

Here's Why Shaves are Velvet Smooth

The Inconspicuous Nurse A Comedy of Errors. *By Curtis B. Leland*

Carole Lombard says:

"My singing coach suggested I select a light smoke"

"In my new picture 'Swing High, Swing Low' I sing a song for the first time since I have been on the screen. To do this, I spent months taking singing lessons. And with this added strain, my throat was not in good shape. My singing coach suggested that when choosing cigarettes, I select a light smoke. And so I changed to Luckies. Since then I've found that a light smoke and my throat get along together just fine."

Carole Lombard

CURRENTLY STARRING IN PARAMOUNT'S [illegible] "SWING HIGH, SWING LOW"

An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, lecturers, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, more than 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Lombard verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

THE FINEST TOBACCOS—
"THE CREAM OF THE CROP"

A Light Smoke
"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

Gillette Blades

LOSE WEIGHT
Without Drugs or Laxative Salts
DIETENE WAY

DIETENE

SCALY SKIN

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!
The Truth About Soap Shampoos

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo
THE F. W. FITCH COMPANY Des Moines, Iowa - - - Toronto, Can.

Change for One Hundred *By Wilson MacArthur*

FEMININE HYGIENE MADE EASY

THEY CONTAIN PAPAHYDRECINE

NORFORMS

PROTECTING a $40 JOB

"Klutch" holds FALSE TEETH Tight—all day

Stop that Scratching
RELIEVE ITCHING In One Minute

D.D.D. Prescription

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting

(Continued on Page

How Ancient Doctors Foretold Death

Almost Unbelievable Things Medical Men 500 Years Ago Thought Could Kill or Cure

So Handsome His Neighbors Ruled Him

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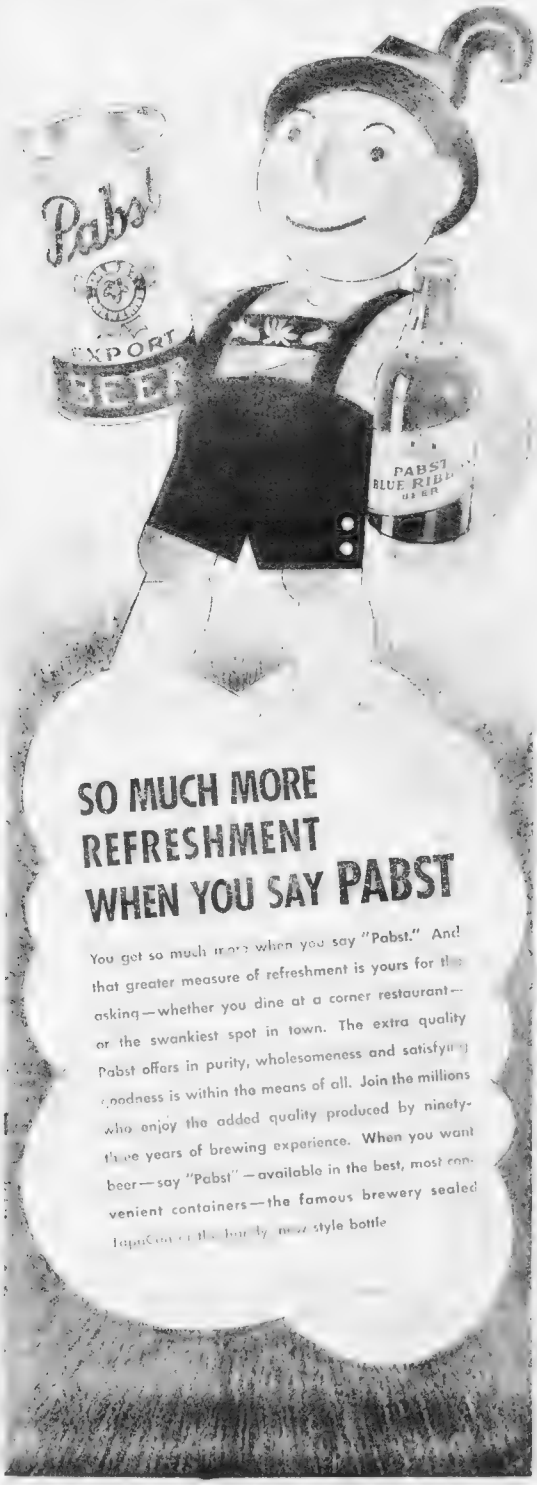
Pabst
EXPORT
BEER
PABST
BLUE RIBBON
BEER
SO MUCH MORE
REFRESHMENT
WHEN YOU SAY PABST
You get so much more when you say "Pabst." And that greater measure of refreshment is yours for the asking—whether you dine at a corner restaurant—or the swankiest spot in town. The extra quality Pabst offers in purity, wholesomeness and satisfying goodness is within the means of all. Join the millions who enjoy the added quality produced by ninety-three years of brewing experience. When you want beer—say "Pabst"—available in the best, most convenient containers—the famous brewery sealed Tapcon or the hour by new style bottle

T T D G T M

A Clean Face
IS THE SECRET OF RADIANT BEAUTY

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream

Remember!
KRE-MEL is rich in
DEXTROSE... the food-energy sugar

DEXTROSE [illegible] food [illegible]

[illegible] KRE-MEL [illegible] DEXTROSE [illegible] energy food — as well as a delicious, satisfying dessert.

Four tempting flavors to choose from — Chocolate, Vanilla, Caramel and Lemon (pie filling); four generous helpings in each [illegible] KRE-MEL [illegible] a real treat, a real food. Order Kre-Mel now from your grocer.

4 FLAVORS
CHOCOLATE CARAMEL
VANILLIN LEMON

The Man Who Smiled

A Short Fiction Story. Complete in This Issue.

By Peggy Harris

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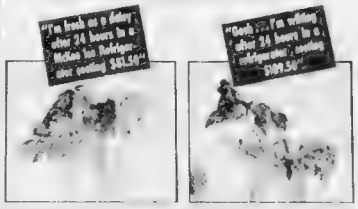
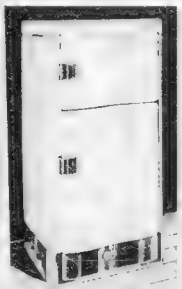
Do your own thinking about Refrigeration

LABORATORY TESTS IN EASTERN UNIVERSITY PROVE THAT McKEE AIR-CONDITIONED ICE REFRIGERATOR KEEPS FOOD FRESHER


"I'm fresh as a daisy after 24 hours in a McKee Ice Refrigerator costing $61.50"
"Gosh ... I'm wilting after 24 hours in a refrigerator costing $109.50"



FREE

mckee

AIR-CONDITIONED REFRIGERATORS

PREFERRED TO THE COSTLIEST SHORTENINGS!

"FOR EXTRA TENDER BAKED FOODS, I RECOMMEND JEWEL SPECIAL-BLEND SHORTENING!"

Mrs. Carl Warthan
Chandler, Texas

RED CHERRY SHORTCAKE

A FINER SHORTENING!

Spring Cleaning Hints

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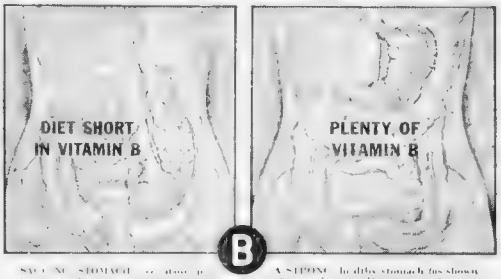

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MORE scriptural articles appear in a year in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY than in all other non-sectarian magazines combined.

The Man Who Smiled *By Peggy Harris*

(Continued from Page 27)

said me, and I'm afraid I hurt my temper and went for him. He was a short, thick-set fellow, and he fell you the truth, I thought I'd put my hands, luckily. He were me collar, and I managed to get my hands round his throat before he realized what I was at. I saw you look rather perturbed, but I assure you it was quite a pleasurable sensation. I have fairly strong hands, and I squeezed the fellow's throat till his eyes began to bulge out of his head. I could feel the blood rushing under my thumbs and his breath quivered in his throat like the wings of little birds. Then his head fell forward with a jerk and his tongue came out, and I knew he was dead."

The man in the gray suit began to laugh, and I felt cold shivers of fear chasing up and down my spine.

Sitting there in a well-known room, with old Pendlebury snoring in a chair at my side, I felt suddenly and most horribly afraid! But with my fear was mingled another feeling, and I, too, knew the ecstasy that the stranger must have known when his hands had been at a man's throat, and life had ebbed slowly away between his fingers.

I could see the man's face, with its staring eyeballs and blackened tongue, and looking at my own hands I watched them begin to contract, as though a man's throat lay within their grasp.

I became aware that the stranger was still speaking.

"Has it ever struck you," he was saying, and his voice was low and very, very gentle, "by what devious routes we pursue pleasure? Books, music, sport, games, all these have been invented by man to while away the tedium of his existence; and yet how few have discovered the greatest emotion of all."

He raised his head and his eyes blazed into mine.

"If you would know the supreme ecstasy in life," he said, and his words fell slow and clear, like water dropping on a stone, "then you must learn to kill. To kill with your hands—your own bare hands. Then you will be omnipotent, the power of life and death will be yours, you will be as God."

He paused, and I seemed to be alone with horror, and something inside me said with a voice that exulted—

"To kill—with my own hands—I shall know power. I shall be as God."

I looked at the stranger and he was smiling, and all the horrors of death were in his smile. As I looked at him he moved forward in his chair and the light fell dull on his face. He put his hand to his collar as though it irked him, and on the whiteness of the skin I saw a red, angry weal, as though something had been tied very tightly round his throat.

What does one tie so tightly round a man's throat—a rope?

With a great cry I sprang to my feet, and old Pendlebury grunted in his sleep and woke.

"Dammit!" he said angrily. "What the devil's all this row?" He heaved himself up in his chair and looked at me.

"Are you ill?" he said "You're as white as a sheet." I turned to look at the stranger, but he had gone.

"That man," I said hysterically, "that man in the gray suit, who is he, and why in Hell's name is he allowed in here?"

Old Pendlebury looked at me as if he thought I was drunk.

"Who the devil are you talking about?" he said. "There's not been a soul in here the whole evening, besides Markham and Martin and our two selves."

"I mean the man who was sitting beside me." I said, thinking Pendlebury must be becoming senile in his old age. "The man to whom you told your story about shooting off a bird's head."

Old Pendlebury snorted. "My dear Randall," he said, "if I did not know you to be the most abstemious of men, I assure you I should think that you had been drinking. As it is well upon my word, I can't understand it at all, not at all. Well, anyway I'm going to bed, and I should advise you to do the same, good night!"—and he walked ponderously out of the room.

I was about to follow him, when on the floor, at my feet, I saw the remains of a pipe. I took back to the fire-place and rang the bell violently.

"Thompson," I said to the waiter, who came in answer to my summons, "who was the gentleman in the gray suit, who came in just after I did?"

Thompson considered. "There was no one came in after you, sir," he said.

"But there was," I persisted; "he sat beside me and ordered a whisky-and-soda."

Thompson shook his head. "Beg pardon, sir," he said, "there's only been one whisky and soda ordered this evening, and that was yours. Colonel Pendlebury had a glass of port and Captain Markham had brandy, and Mr. Martin didn't have a drink. If you'll look, sir, you'll see there's only three glasses in the room."

It was quite true, and my own glass stood empty and alone on the table beside the chair in which I'd been sitting.

"But this pipe," I said, indicating the pieces on the floor. Thompson picked them up.

"I'm sure I couldn't say as to that, sir," he said, "I dare say one of the gentlemen did drop a pipe, but it must have been one of you four what was in here, sir, no one else has been in this evening, not you laugh, sir!"

No, I had not laughed. There was no more to be said. I said good night to Thompson and went up to my bedroom. Tomorrow, I thought, as I mounted the stairs, I shall start on my vacation, and I forced myself to concentrate on the golf I was proposing to play.

I turned on the light in my room and, walking over to the dressing-table, started to undress. Automatically, I looked into the mirror, and in a sudden, blinding flash it came to me.

I had thought I had known him, that man with the dreadful smile who had strangled someone with his bare hands and bore the mark of the hangman's rope about his neck.

I had been right; I knew him, had known him for over fifty years. And, as I stood and gazed into the glass and terror numbed my limbs and dried my mouth, I realized that the face that looked back at me was the face of the stranger in the gray suit. And as I looked and looked, trying in vain to drag away my eyes, horror rose in my heart like a wind at sea, and very slowly the face began to smile.

The End.

The Thunder Dragon Gate *by Talbot Mundy*

(Continued from Page 26)

"To your death!" said Dowlah. "You are absolutely mad, Pogal! You have la rage hydrophobia!"

Tom unloaded both the Japanese rifles. He smashed one rifle against a rock. He used the other as a club to break the lock of the machine-gun. Then he smashed that rifle, too.

"Play your own game, Dowlah!"

"Curse you. You might at least have let me have one of those weapons."

"Wrong time to take chances with you."

"Chances? But you go with them now?"

"Same thing. Got to get into the Thunder Dragon Gate."

* * *

A two-mile march into a valley that roared with the hurrying water of scores of streams. The mountains cast moonlight into view, around the thousand-foot-high corner of a cliff. There were spots in the face of the cliff, rough trails marked by shortens, vanished into them.

The monastery was almost snow-white, the diagonal shadow across its face bright blue. It was fronted by seven-tiled mountains that looked like huge waves breaking in dazzling foam.

On the roof were the usual pinnacles and Buddhistic symbols. There was almost no wind, so the bells were silent. The only modern touch was a prodigiously long radio-aerial strung high over the roof. From behind the main building there arose a cloud of dense white steam to a great height before it mushroomed and spread, shutting off part of the view of the mountains.

A high wall enclosed the monastery—main building, two long arms, and what looked like a small town of jumbled roofs. Heads peered over the wall, until they moved they looked like big black birds.

Tom walked behind the Japanese. There had been an argument about that. They all had revolvers, but he had his Mauser, so they yielded the point, grinning as much as to say they could manage him comfortably when they should be out of Howrah's range.

The very military-looking man in command of the escort seemed rather afraid of his men. They appeared to be puzzled, anxious, discontented. He didn't know Tom understood Japanese, so he talked. Twice he told them they had not acted nobly in refusing to try to recapture the machine-gun and rifles. One of them retorted that he hadn't led with any noticeable valor. Discipline seemed to have become undermined by resentment or disillusion.

Outside the monastery main gate there was a huge heap of refuse and stable manure, being carried away in baskets by men in the rags of religious clothing. They appeared to be starving. One of them, bent under his standing load, didn't get out of the way soon enough. He was knocked down, and kicked as he lay, by the man in command of the escort, who seemed relieved by encountering someone on whom he dared to vent malice.

Tom helped the monk to his feet. The Japs didn't hear what he said, in Tibetan.

"The holy Lobsang Pun Rinpoche is coming! Run swiftly and tell your brothers!"

The great gate opened. They marched in, Tom last. There were forty or fifty monks within the wall, in groups that seemed unfriendly to one another. At least two groups. Perhaps three.

They had a sort of jail-yard atmosphere. Instead of laughing at the sight of a foreigner, as would be normal in Tibet, they scowled, instead of whirling prayer-wheels, they talked in surly undertones group-by-group. Some had cudgels.

At irregular intervals there was an unplaceable sound like muted thunder. It seemed to come from every direction. It was like an earthquake noise, without any pebble earth tremor. Weird.

Tom's escort turned sharp to the right, marched along the face of the right wing of the monastery and turned left into a long courtyard that separated the wing from a maze of stores and stables. There were several big shortens, and a building that looked like a mausoleum, with a flight of stone steps leading to a door near the top of the wall.

At the far end of the yard was an enormous prayer-wheel, built of heavy lumber. It was at least fifty feet high, about twelve feet broad, big enough to contain millions of prayers written on scraps of paper. It had been recently mended with iron straps. It was kept in motion by a waterfall that plunged out of the cliff above it, turned the wheel and spilled into a sluice, along which it vanished into a hole in the ground.

Near the wheel a couple of obvious Japanese, dressed as Tibetans and on guard, with rifles, over a small, newly-built stone shed, into which a rawhide belt disappeared. The great wheel had been hitched to a dynamo. Its hum was quite distinct above the thump-thump-thump of the wheel and the splash of water.

The man who knew English grinned at Tom. He seemed federably unresentful of the punch he had had in the jaw. He touched his own chest. His eyes nearly disappeared amid wrinkles as he grinned with the pride of showmanship.

"Dynamo—come in pieces—long way—killing many horses—camels! Me, mechanic!"

"Bartail!" Tom answered, purposely mispronouncing the word. The Jap laughed.

Through a thick door in the wall on the left-hand they entered a long, dark, draughty passage. Near the door there were some monks on mats, engaged in silent meditation.

One of them stood up and bowed to the Japs with surprising humility, although he didn't stick his tongue out. They took no notice of him. Behind their backs he pressed a scrap of paper into Tom's hand.

Tom stopped and pretended to blow his nose, where a shaft of sunlight filtered through a narrow slot high in the wall. Every man of the escort faced about suspiciously, but he managed to read the note without their seeing it.

Your message received. Oh, Tom! Thundergate entrance is through chapel. Beware of shang-shang. Sudden rumor that Lobsang Pun is coming has created new situation. They believe he must be bringing a foreign army. Thope and Abbot busy propaganding you are special sending to prepare way for Lobsang. Chou Wang, deadly desperate, has locked me in room behind his office, but this monk is pro-Abbot. He will deliver this to you and get me out of here. He promises. Elsa.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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Checkerboard Upside-Down Cake

MIX and sift 1½ cups sifted pastry flour, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ cup sugar. Add 4 tablespoons soft but not melted shortening, 1 well-beaten egg, ½ cup milk and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat vigorously for 1 minute. Melt ¼ cup butter in an 8x8x2 inch pan in shortens, or set at about 275 degrees. Add ½ cup firmly-packed brown sugar and stir over low heat until well mixed. On this arrange canned apricots and prunes alternately, cupside up. If carefully arranged, an amusing checkerboard cake will result. Turn cake batter over the prunes and apricots. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, for 50 minutes. Gently loosen cake from sides of pan. Turn out on large serving dish, having fruit on top. Serve with whipped cream.

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Serve Lamb in the Spring

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

LAMB comes on the market in largest quantities in the Spring. Cuts from the loin, leg and ribs are the most popular but the less expensive cuts from shoulder, breast, neck and flank can be served in many appetizing ways. Vary the serving of lamb by combining it with relishes, salads and vegetables that add zest, color and contrast.

Mint jelly, mint sauce, horseradish sauce, currant jelly, guava jelly, spiced pickles and cucumber and tart salads and crisp green vegetables will add to an appetite that is more or less jaded after the long Winter months.

The fell is the thin, papery outer covering on the lamb carcass. Many recipes advise that it be removed before cooking. However, the latest bulletins from the National Live Stock Association advisory board and the United States Government say that it is now believed that the flavor is not affected by the fell. The fell of lamb keeps its shape better if cooked with the fell, but the appearance of shoulder, saddle and chops is improved by its removal.

Roast Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb.

REMOVE bones and fell from a 4-pound shoulder of lamb. Save the bones for making soup. A lamb shoulder may be stuffed and left flat or rolled. Wipe the meat with a clean, damp cloth. Sprinkle the inside of the pocket with salt and pepper, pile pot mint or watercress stuffing in lightly, and sew the edges together. Rub salt, pepper and flour on the outside. If the shoulder has only a very thin fat covering cover with thin strips of bacon. Place the roast on a rack in an open pan without water. Sear for 20 minutes in a very quick oven, or at about 480 degrees. Do not allow bacon to burn. Reduce the temperature of the oven to moderate (about 350 degrees), and finish cooking at 300 degrees until tender. About 2½ or 3 hours will be required. Serve hot with gravy. To make the mint or watercress stuffing: Melt 6 tablespoons butter in saucepan and add 3 tablespoon minced onion and 2 tablespoons chopped celery. Cook until soft but not browned, add ½ cup chopped fresh mint leaves or 1½ cups chopped watercress and 2 cups fine, dry bread crumbs and mix lightly. If watercress is used cook until liquid has evaporated before adding crumbs.

Lamb Stew.

WITH 2 pounds lean raw neck of lamb, flank, neck, shoulder or breast, cut into 2" cubes, brown with a clean, damp cloth. Cut it into small pieces and roll in flour. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add ¾ cup sliced onions and stir constantly until golden brown. Add the meat. When meat and onions have browned lightly, turn them into a large kettle, rinse the saucepan with 1 quart of hot water and pour it into the meat and onions. Cover closely and simmer gently for 1 hour. Add 3 cups diced rutabaga turnips, 1 minced green pepper, a few grains pepper and salt to taste. Cook 20 minutes longer. If not thick enough, add 2 tablespoon flour blended with 2 tablespoons cold water. Cook for a few minutes, stirring constantly until thickened. Serve hot with piping hot paprika biscuits.

Curry of Lamb.

COOK 1½ cups chopped celery and 1 finely chopped onion in 4 tablespoons butter until soft. Add 3 cups chopped cooked lean lamb, ¾ cup well-seasoned lamb gravy, a few grains salt, ½ teaspoon (or a little more) curry and 3 or 4 drops Tabasco sauce. Stir until piping hot. Serve in a border of steamed or boiled rice.

Individual Lamb Pies.

HAVE ready 2 cups chopped or diced left-over cooked lamb. Brown with 1 minced small onion in 2 tablespoons butter or fat. Add ½ cup diced cooked carrots, 1 cup cooked potato balls or cubes, ½ cup green peas, 1 pint well-seasoned lamb stock or gravy, 2 tablespoons catsup or chili sauce, and salt and pepper to taste. Cook 10 minutes or until thoroughly hot. Turn mixture into individual baking dishes or casseroles, cover tops with rich biscuit, cheese biscuit or paprika biscuit dough or mashed potato crust mixture. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, until delicately browned. Serve hot in the dishes in which they are baked.

Lamb Nock in Casserole.

SELECT neck slices about 1 inch thick. Remove bones carefully. Roll each slice into a round cutlet shape and fasten with a skewer. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in beaten egg and then in fine crumbs. Sear on both sides in lamb fat or salt pork fat. Add 1 cup lamb stock or thin tomato juice, cover pan closely and simmer gently for an hour or until meat is tender. Uncover pan and allow meat to brown. Make a gravy of the drippings in the pan and season it with a bit of mint and a few drops of Tabasco or Worcestershire sauce.

Shepherds' Pie.

THINLY slice or finely chop left-over lamb. Season to taste with salt, pepper, onion juice and celery salt. Place meat in a deep casserole dish and cover with well-seasoned gravy or brown sauce. Place in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, and cook until meat is very tender, adding a little more stock as needed. Remove dish from the oven and spread over the top of the meat a two-or-three-inch layer of hot riced or mashed potato. Set dish in oven again and bake for 15 minutes, or until potatoes are delicately browned. Garnish with a few grains of paprika and a sprig of crisp parsley. Serve immediately.

Lamb Patties.

PASS lean lamb from the shoulder, neck or breast through meat-grinder. Shape into round flat cakes, wrap a strip of bacon around each and fasten with a toothpick. Season with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Bake or fry, as desired. If baked in a casserole dish, potato balls, carrots and string-beans may be added. If fried, serve them with well-seasoned gravy, adding a few drops of Worcestershire sauce and a suggestion of mint jelly.

Tea-Room Lamb Pie
(By Request).

PREPARE lamb pie according to favorite recipe. Serve with top crust made as follows: Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, a few grains paprika and ½ teaspoon salt. Cut in 4 tablespoons shortening and stir in 1 cup grated American cheese. Add ⅔ cup milk and mix lightly. Turn out on lightly-floured board, pat and roll about ¼ inch thick. Cut in 1½ or 2-inch hearts, hatchets, squares or triangles and bake on a greased baking sheet in a quick oven, at 425 degrees, for 10 minutes. Place on large or individual lamb pies, garnish with crisp parsley or cress and serve immediately.

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Yes, here's a safer, better way to remove your face creams and cosmetics. Kleenex is so soothing that irritation is practically impossible. Yet beauty experts will tell you that it absorbs grease and dirt from deep-down in the pores. Thus it helps the cream you use benefit your complexion.

Also, adopt the Kleenex Habit to pat on face and bath powder, to blend rouge and eye-shadow smoothly, to shape and blot your lipstick becomingly, to wipe away mascara and excess nail polish.

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To wipe hands, windshield, mirror and greasy spots.
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For handkerchief use during colds . . . To dust and polish . . . In the kitchen . . . For the baby.
No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use!

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Quick to use; lasts all day. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

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MUM

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takes the odor out of perspiration

THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

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Floor Coverings, Cellar to Attic

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE first rays of strong Spring sunshine, by their very brightness, make floor coverings appear dull and dingy by contrast. This is indeed the tag-end of Winter, and floor surfaces show the hard scuffing and the tracking in of snow and will inescapable from a long Winter's season.

If new coverings are contemplated, serious thought must be given to the future wear and tear which they will receive in the particular location they will occupy. Thin, bad and stair coverings receive the most punishment from heels and shoes, with the long-drawn out fall from while other the dining-room, or more certainly the bedrooms, receive the least. First, then, choose your carpet on the basis of where it will be.

Second, measure your room or space properly. In too many cases the rug purchased is too narrow or so faultily proportioned to the actual area of the room, that a poor-looking unbalanced space is left around the edges of the rug. This line or edge frequently interferes with the best placement of furniture, thus causing it to appear to be neither on the rug nor entirely off it.

In most cases, the rug or covering should be selected in a much larger size than is common; this will increase the apparent size of the room and give better background for the best arrangement of the furniture.

Third, choose both design and color appropriate to the size and type of room in question. The best decorators hold that the floor covering should be either neutral or be the background for the entire decorative scheme.

If rooms are small, then all-over carpeting, solid colors or small designs will give a feeling of more space. Large patterns are suitable only in large rooms, and even if not actually touching the walls, should run close to them. With colorful curtains and patterned upholstery, a one-color carpet will make a better setting for furnishings.

In all rooms where the floor may be spotted by hard use, as for example a child's room, or in front of dressing-tables and doors, a scatter rug may be placed. However, large or all-over carpeting, even in bedrooms, is popular. With the daily use of the vacuum, there is little fear from the wall-to-wall carpet, which gives a rich, uniform and restful harmony.

The fourth, and by all means a paramount consideration, is that of quality and genuine values. No other article of house-furnishings wears out more quickly, and is in the long run so expensive, as the "cheap" rug. Quality in floor coverings is a technical and often difficult-to-determine matter.

Among the factors involved are the type of weave, compactness of pile, quality of fibre, ply or thickness of yarn, color fastness of dyes, etc. Some of this information may be gleaned from the intelligent clerk, and much also may be learned by reading the booklets and leaflets put out by reputable manufacturers.

However, any purchaser of a good rug should be sufficiently interested to consider the following points which will aid in judging quality:

Compactness of Pile: This, of the closeness of the weave, have a great effect on durability, and such compactness is even more important than the quality of the fibres used, or the length of the pile. However, for a given quality of fibre, the longer the pile the longer the life of the rug.

Wool Versus Worsted: Worsted is woven with long parallel fibres, and hence is stronger than wool or short fibres which tend to shed out of the pile, leaving it weakened. The finest domestic rugs have pile tufts of wool or worsted bound to the backing by strong, heavy flax threads. Poor rugs are loaded with cheap jute, which is less durable, and also with glue and "sizing" which covers up the sparseness of the pile and simulates the natural stiffness of better carpets.

Dyes and Colors: Good rugs fade slowly and imperceptibly. Poor rugs fade rapidly and unevenly. To determine color fastness is almost impossible at time of purchase, hence the purchaser should secure a written guarantee on this point when buying.

A discussion of the various types of rugs would fill a library shelf, and only a few important kinds may be mentioned and described here.

Genuine Oriental: These are the most expensive of all rugs, because they are hand-made, with each tuft tied in separately. But since each rug is priced in accordance with such factors as age, rarity, beauty, workmanship, etc., as well as quality, choosing Orientals is a task for an expert, and the inexpert buyer should never trust the chance dealer or the average auctioneer. The mere fact that a rug is an Oriental does not mean that it is a good one. Again, some Orientals are spoken of as "antiques," meaning that they were made about fifty years ago, and not in the present period. Old rugs have a mellow soft glow or haze which makes them highly prized, and hence cheap new rugs are often treated to a "washing" which simulates age. But the "washed Oriental" is to be looked at with suspicion, since this washing is a chemical treatment which damages the fibres.

American Orientals: These are made with an artificial lustre or sheen in imitation of the genuine Oriental. Some show the pattern clear through as does the true Oriental, others have the typical appearance of the power-loom, on the reverse.

Chenilles: These are the most expensive of the domestic pile weave rugs. They are recognized by their "fur" stripes, and in general the greater the number of stripes to the inch, the better the rug. They may be woven 30 feet without a seam, and in any shape, size or pattern. Firm chenilles have a dense pile of wool, and are exceedingly firm and durable.

Smyrnas: These are woven with chenille strips in which the "fur" is formed into round ropes. Their pile is shorter and they are therefore less expensive than the true chenille.

Wiltons: (It is sufficient to state that the Wilton is the standard of high-grade carpets and rugs. The genuine Wilton pile rug is woven on a loom of complicated nature, the Jacquard loom, with several "frames." The thickness of the finished rug depends on the number of "frames" used, hence the six-frame is better than the two-frame carpet, although both may be Wiltons. A "five-frame Wilton," for example, means that the different yarns each go into five different "frames." The resulting process makes the buried wool or worsted of the body into a fine durable cushion which feels very luxurious underfoot.

Axminsters: About 60% of all rug and carpet production consists of Axminsters. The better grades are durable and satisfactory. A fine grade Axminster has 77 tufts to the square inch, while the medium grades have only 50 to 60, and the poorest grades but 36 to 35. Axminsters can be rolled lengthwise only, due to their construction.

Velvets: These require less wool and are the cheapest of the cut-pile carpet weaves. The pile of the velvet is usually woolen yarn, with jute and glue sizing to give body and stiffness. Velvets are flatter in weave than Axminsters.

Broadloom: As its name indicates, this is an all-over continuous weave in a short cut pile. It may be had in widths from 27 inches to 15 feet, and is a fine type for all-over carpeting. It comes in a wide choice of decorator colors for special Period rooms.

Tapestry: In this type of rug, the pile is left uncut. These uncut loops lack softness and are less pleasant to walk on. They have heavily-sized jute backings to give body.

Flat Weaves: This general class includes all plain or 1-ply weave rugs, many of them reversible. Those made from rags, linen or flax are known as "fibre" rugs, and are durable. Felted wool rugs from 4-4 to 6-4 and is washable and good for bedrooms. Hand-hooked rugs are expensive, but wear extremely well, as do the best of the machine-made copies.

Here are suggestions for floor coverings from attic to cellar:

Living-Room: An Axminster or an all-over broadloom, or a Cape Cod hook-loom carpeting (which in its 27-inch width is also practical for small rugs, or for stairs).

Dining-Room: An American Oriental with soft, warm, rich coloring.

Hall: Inlaid linoleum in check or modern design.

Bedrooms: All-over broadloom; or a linen rug in plain colors and homespun effect; or chenille scatter rugs.

Kitchen, Nursery, Recreation Room: Felt base linoleum rug in marbleized finish.

Bathroom, Sunroom: Rubber tiles in many colors.

Stairs: A fine brocade pattern in Wilton pile.

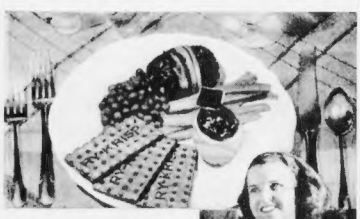
Attic Room, Informal Cottage: Linen finish weave like Brussels, in new smart designs.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Cornmeal Griddle Cakes, Milk or Coffee.	Grapes, Cereal, Finish Toast with Marmalade, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Cereal, Cobbled Eggs, Toasted Rolls, Coffee.	Sliced Pineapple, Cereal, Dried Beef Omelet, Graham Muffins, Milk or Coffee.	Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Apple Muffins, Coffee.	Cereal, Blackberry Juice, Cereal, Prunes Rolled in Bacon and Broiled, Toasted Apple Muffins (Left-Over), Coffee.	Grapefruit, Whole Grain Cereal, French Pancakes with Jelly or Psanked Egg on Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon (Company)	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Mexican Tomato or Tomato Pie, Chilbrade, Green Salad, Ice-Box Rolls, Pineapple Chantilly Ruin, Coffee.	Cider Soup, Croutons, Tomatoes Stuffed with Left-Over Lamb, Potato Chips, Sherbet, Fudge Cake, Tea.	Vegetable Soup, Canned Corn Pudding with Pimentoes, Lettuce, Celery and Onion Salad, Fudge Cake, Tea with Lemon.	Vegetable Chowder, Lettuce Sandwiches, Fruit Betty with Lemon Hard Sauce, Coffee.	Eggplant au Gratin, Harvard Beets, Cabbage, Lettuce and Carrot Slaw, Canned Peach Shortcake, Tea.	Harvard Beets, Cabbage, Lettuce and Carrot Slaw, Canned Peach Shortcake, Tea.	Roast Duck with Potato and Onion Dressing, Gravy, Carrot Jelly, Buttered Green Beans, Buttered Carrots, Orange Salad with Cranberry Dressing, Chiffon Mince Pie.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Lamb Stew (Hash) with Paprika Dumplings, Garden String Beans, Mint Jelly Salad of Beet Relish, Apple Sauce, Delicious Ginger Cookies.	Sauerkraut Cocktail, Broiled Beef Balls, Stuffed Baked Potatoes, Green Beans, Spring Vegetable Salad, Chives Dressing, Grapenuce Sherbet, Sponge Drops.	Tomato Juice, Veal and Pork Loaf, Brown Gravy, Spaghetti, Spinach with Sliced Eggs, Canned Green Gages with Custard Sauce or Canned Blueberries with Devonshire Cream.	Hard Sauce, Tea.	Ralish Medis, Buttered Potatoes with Paprika, Buttered Green Vegetable, Swedish Blancmange, Coffee.	Cabbage Salad, Salad Dressing, Tea.	Cream (of Left Overs) Soup, Hot Toasted Cheese Sandwiches, Fruit Compote, Cocoa.

Eat Ry-Krisp and reduce
says lovely Marion Talley



Hollywood's Way

"I wish every woman who wants to lose weight would try the Hollywood Habit," says Marion Talley. "No starvation diets, no strenuous exercising. Just eat sensibly, exercise moderately and use Ry-Krisp as bread at every meal. That's how movie stars stay slim and fit and that's how I achieved the slenderness I wanted so much. Reducing the Ry-Krisp way, you lose weight naturally and what's just as important, you look and feel younger, more alive."

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Wine Cookery Recipes

Porterhouse Steak, Bordelaise: 2-pound porterhouse steak, cut thick, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons minced mild onion or shallots, 1 cup red wine (claret or Burgundy). Saute the steak in a hot skillet until brown on both sides. Season with salt and pepper. Add the butter and minced onion and cook about 5 minutes. Add wine and cook 5 minutes longer. Serve at once, pouring pan juices over platter.

Pot Roast with Claret Gravy: 2 tablespoons shortening, 5-pound pot roast, dredged in flour, 4 onions sliced thin, 4 carrots sliced, 2 pounds veal bones, broken small, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup claret wine. Melt shortening in kettle and when very hot lay in pot roast, browning well on all sides. Add sliced vegetables, and brown. Add veal bones, water and wine, and reduce heat to low flame. Cook slowly about 3 hours, adding more wine and water as the liquid cooks down. Remove meat, strain and slightly thicken gravy, and serve in separate bowl.

Baked Ham with Wine: 4 pounds or half ham, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, whole cloves, 2 cups white wine. Boil ham slowly 1 hour. Remove and place in baking pan. Score outside skin in small squares and rub outside with mixture of sugar and mustard. Insert whole clove in center of each checker-board square. Bake about 1½ hours at 350 degrees, basting frequently with wine. Serve with additional wine sauce made as follows: heat 2 cups red wine in double-boiler. Add 3 tablespoons cornstarch blended in 1 cup brown sugar and stir until sauce is clear and well blended. Season with grains salt. ½ cup seedless raisins may be added if liked. Serve with any baked or boil ham dish.

Veal Scallopina with Sherry: 2 pounds veal cutlet cut in small pieces, garlic, salt, pepper and flour, 3 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons olive oil, 1 small can tomato paste, ½ cup sherry wine. Season veal with garlic, salt and pepper, and roll in flour, pounding to make pieces flat. Heat butter and olive oil in skillet. Add tomato paste, and stir until smooth and very hot. Add meat, and simmer on one side, then turn pieces over. Cover skillet and cook, low fire, about 30 minutes. Add sherry, cook 10 minutes longer and serve with plain boiled macaroni or noodles.

Fruit Cup or Melon with Wine: Scoop out balls from ripe soft fruits such as honeydew or other melons, canned peaches, pears, etc. Arrange in sherbet or cocktail glasses. Pour over each a little Sauterne or port wine. Place in refrigerator to chill several hours before serving.

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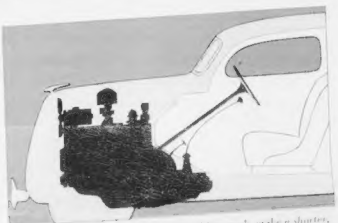

Above: Eight cylinders, in two banks of four each, make a shorter, more compact engine than cylinders in one straight line. Naturally, this leaves more room for passengers and luggage.

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1937 FORD FEATURES

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